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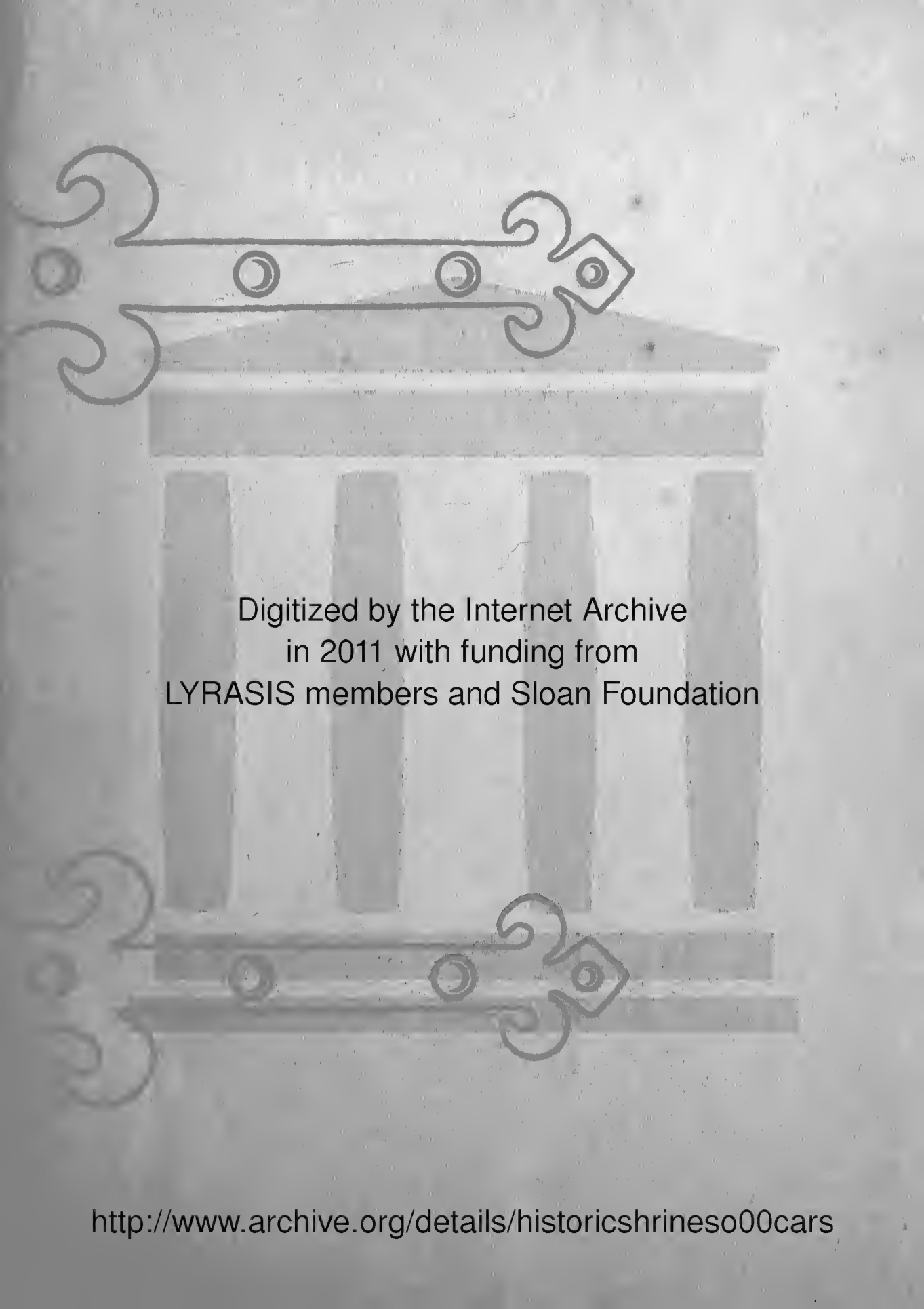
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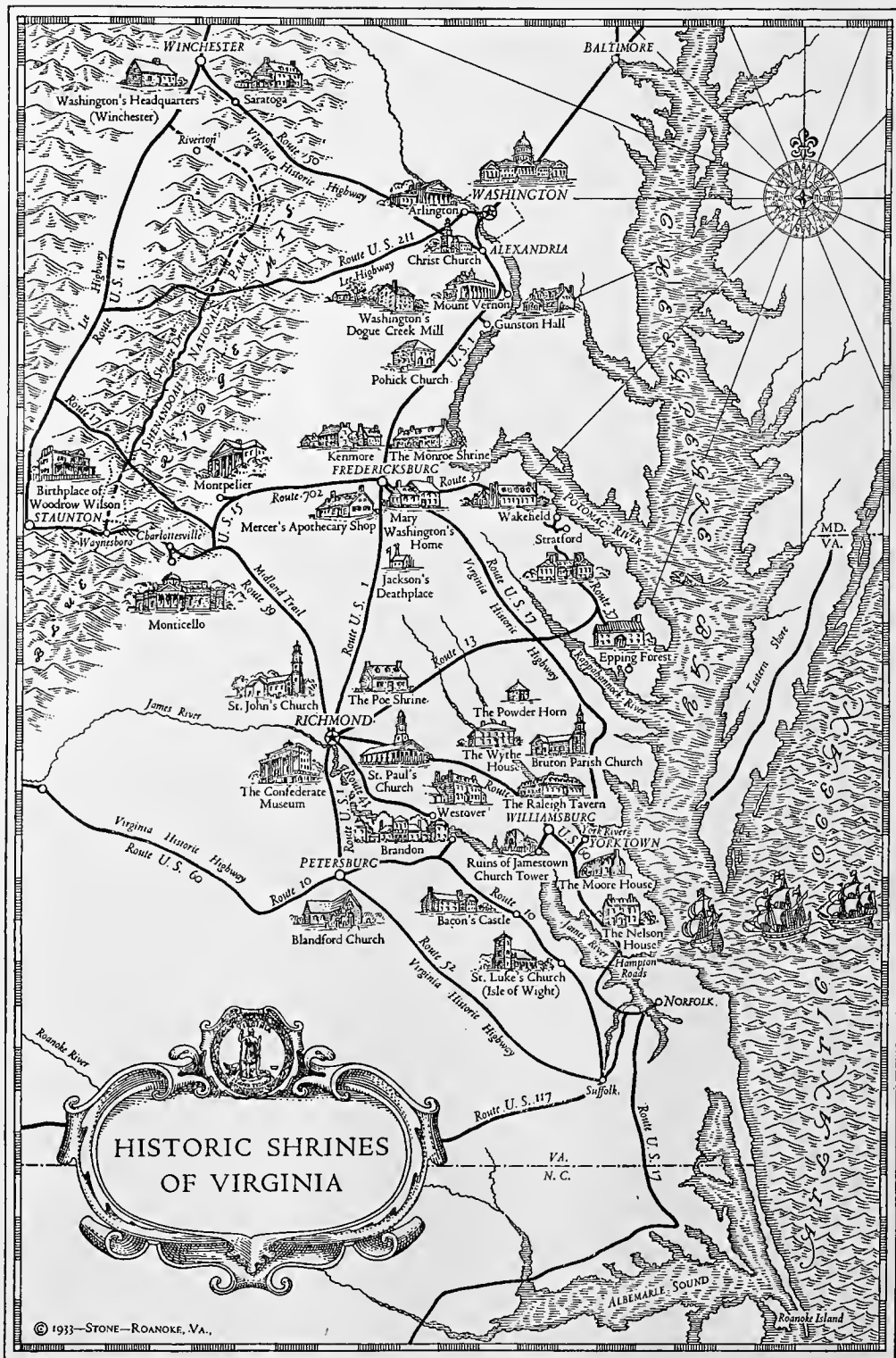
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HISTORIC SHRINES
OF VIRGINIA



HISTORIC SHRINES OF VIRGINIA

BY
WILLIAM E. CARSON
CHAIRMAN OF THE
VIRGINIA COMMISSION ON CONSERVATION AND
DEVELOPMENT

IN COLLABORATION WITH H. J. ECKENRODE
VIRGINIA STATE HISTORIAN



PUBLISHED BY THE
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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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SECOND EDITION

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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

DEDICATION

TO THE ENGINEERS AND ARCHITECTS
OF THE UNITED STATES

WHEN THE CITY OF NORFOLK entertained the American Society of Civil Engineers in April, 1931, I was invited by the local chapter to outline some of the points of interest to be found on a trip through Virginia which had been planned for the special entertainment of the guests of the City. In response to this invitation, I read to the Society a paper, illustrated by lantern slides, giving a running description of thirty-five Virginia shrines that might be visited on such an excursion.

So many requests have been received for copies of that paper that the State Commission on Conservation and Development decided that it should be printed. The paper was turned over to our state historian, H. J. Eckenrode, by whom it has been somewhat enlarged and checked as to accuracy of dates and statements.

It is to be hoped that this book, dealing with some of the best-known shrines in Virginia—places that everyone has heard about—will be followed in future years by other publications giving information of many other ancient Virginia houses not yet known to the public or adequately described. One of the main tasks undertaken by the History

Division of the Commission on Conservation and Development is a photographic survey of the old houses of the State, including old houses of which nothing is now known as well as the famous homes. The gathering of information about such of these old houses as have any history in records or tradition is an accompanying labor. It is believed that scores, if not hundreds, of old places, now unknown to the world, will eventually be brought to the attention of the reading public. A much enlarged Old Virginia will emerge from this process.

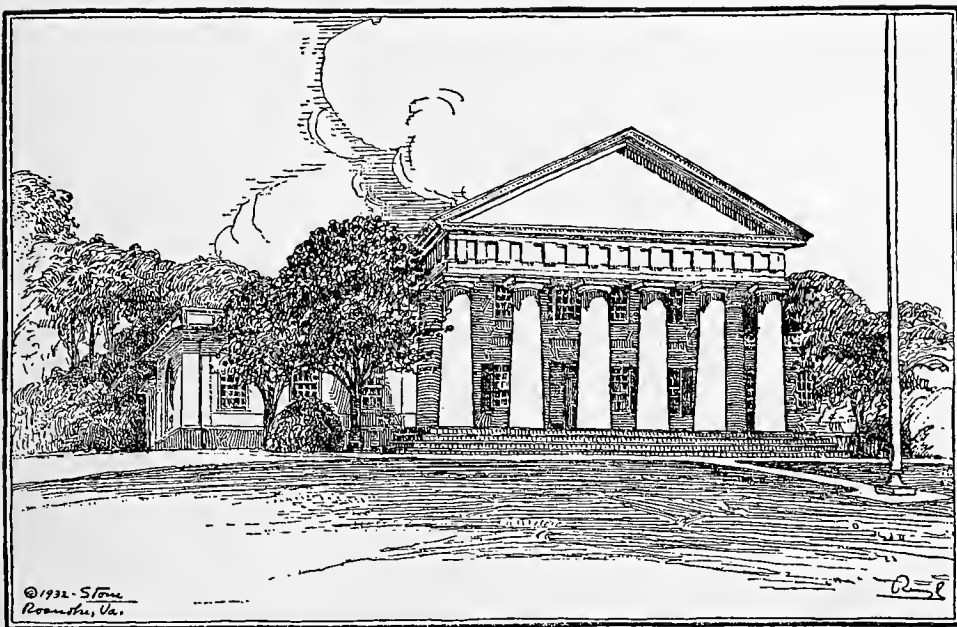
We take pleasure in dedicating the booklet, "Historic Shrines of Virginia," to the engineers and architects of America, and more particularly to the American Society of Civil Engineers.

WILLIAM E. CARSON

*Chairman of the State Commission
on Conservation and Development*

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ARLINGTON

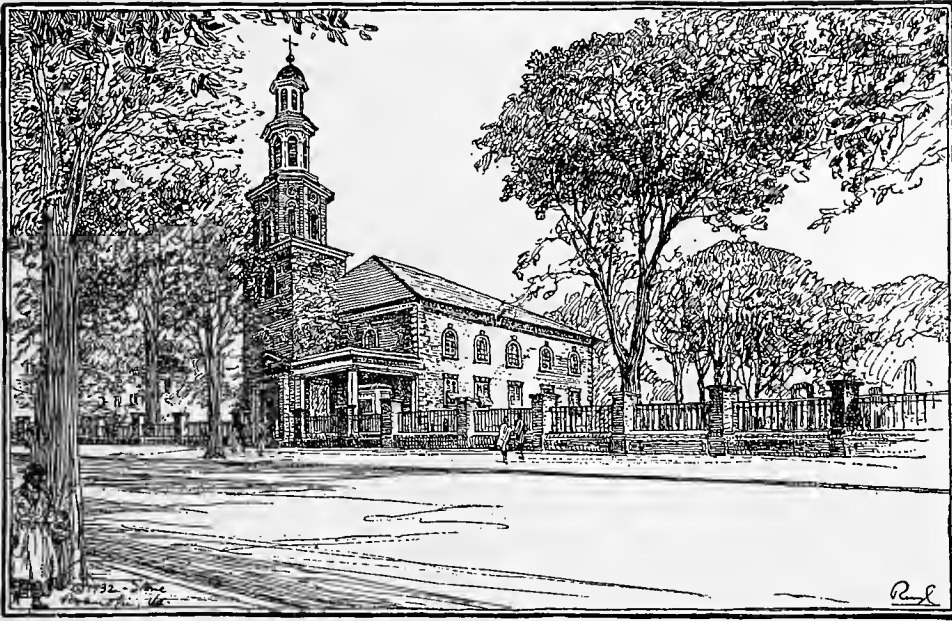
ARLINGTON was built about 1803 by George Washington Parke Custis, son of Washington's stepson, John Parke Custis. The estate, opposite Washington, was an inheritance, and the young Custis built his home there and named it for the ancient Custis homestead on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

George Washington Parke Custis was Washington's adopted son and George did everything he could for the lad, but in vain. All that Custis ever became was the ward of the immortal Washington. That gave him a certain distinction wherever he went and consoled him for accomplishing little himself. He was an amateur farmer but would have starved if he had tried to live by his farming. He was an amateur playwright, too, and he could write a play in a night. Mostly, he talked, and he was a pretty good talker. Yet he came into contact with fame in another way, for he was the father-in-law of Lee as well as the ward of Washington.

Lee married the sole child, Mary Parke Custis, and Arlington became his home. Here he always came on his leaves of absence from the army; here most, if not all, of his children were born. Here his wife lived the interesting life of an invalid for many years. Here Lee came in 1858, on the death of Custis, to wind up his estate. The great general passed the rest of his life trying to fulfill the terms of the will but never succeeded because the thing was impossible. But one thing he did carry out; in 1863 he freed all of the slaves of the estate, for so Custis had willed.

Lee spent much of his hard-earned money, in 1858-1860, trying to make the old building inhabitable, for Custis had let it go to wrack and ruin. Lee said the leaks in the roof were so numerous that you might as well be outdoors. From Arlington he went to Harper's Ferry, in 1859, to capture John Brown and from it he sadly moved away, one day in April, 1861, to take command of the Virginia forces in the impending war. Arlington was looted by Union soldiers and was sold to pay taxes to a Union government in Alexandria in 1864. It was bought by the Washington government, which, however, in later years paid the Lee heir. Robert E. Lee himself never owned Arlington. It went to Mrs. Lee for her life and on her death to her eldest son, George Washington Parke Custis Lee.

Arlington, restored by the government to a better condition than it ever knew before, is one of the show places of Washington. It has a most beautiful site overlooking the Capital City and recalls by every association the great soldier who served the United States so faithfully and then won immortal glory in serving the South.



CHRIST CHURCH

THERE is probably no more beautiful old church in the country than Christ Church, Alexandria. It has, too, the special interest of being the church which Washington attended for many years and of which he was a vestryman.

Originally there was a chapel of ease on the site of the present church. This small chapel grew too small to accommodate worshipers, and in 1765 the vestry debated the matter of building a church. On March 28, 1765, a meeting was held to elect vestrymen, and among the chosen was George Washington, who lived at nearby Mount Vernon.

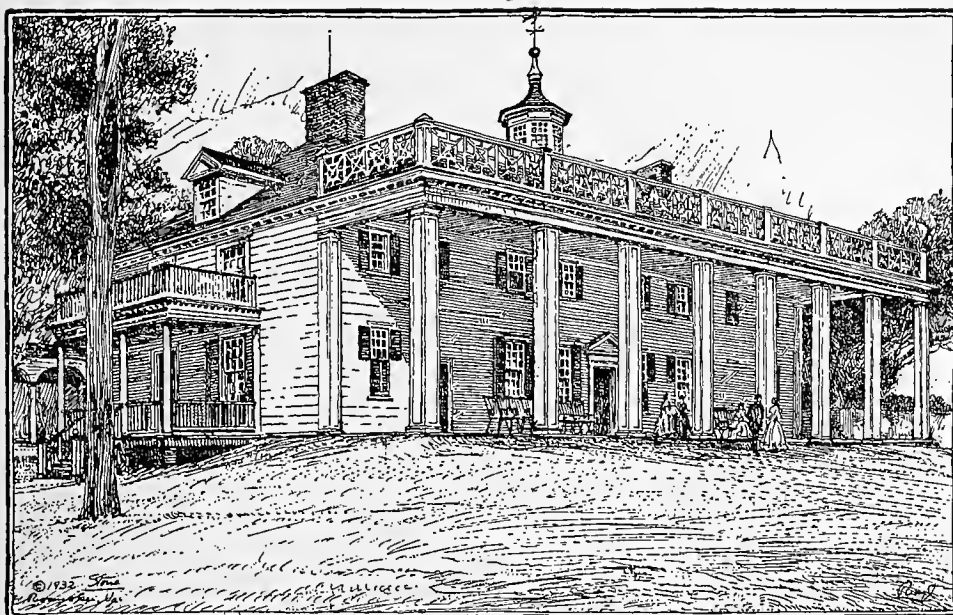
In 1767 the contract for building the church was made. The site, then in woods, was donated by John Alexander. Money for building purposes was raised by making a special levy of so many pounds of tobacco per tithable, as was done in the old days when religion was supported by taxation and when most taxation was by poll taxes. James Wren, a reputed descendant of the famous Sir Christopher, made the

design. Colonel John Carlyle, leading citizen of Alexandria, finished the construction work. In February, 1773, the church was accepted. The tower with steeple was built in 1818.

Some say that Washington did not serve on the vestry, but he was elected a vestryman and purchased pew number five, paying for it thirty-six pounds, ten shillings. That pew is still shown to visitors.

Beautiful as is the exterior of the church, the interior is still more lovely. The pendants are exquisite. The tablets were made in 1773 by James Wren. The beautiful chandelier originally hung in the center of the ceiling and was lighted by tallow candles, which filled the building with a soft radiance infinitely more pleasing than the hard electric light of to-day. Hardly less interesting than the church's connection with Washington is its association with Robert E. Lee, for Lee spent his boyhood in Alexandria and attended church here for years. No other church in America has such intimate memories of two of the greatest of Americans.

In 1861, Christ Church began to be used for services by chaplains of the Union army, and it continued to be a sort of military church for the duration of the War Between the States. It was returned to the vestry in 1866 and has been carefully and reverently repaired. It is one of the most impressive churches in America.



MOUNT VERNON

ON an early May day in 1775, George Washington took a last look at his house on the Potomac River, Mount Vernon, and then rode northward. He was not to see his home again for six long years, for he went from it to Philadelphia, where he was elected, by the Continental Congress, commander-in-chief of the American army in the war for independence. Late in 1783, Washington was back at Mount Vernon, with independence won, the greatest man in the world. Again, in 1789, he left Mount Vernon for New York to become the first President of the United States. On April 1, 1797, he returned to his beloved home, which he never again left for any length of time. And in December, 1799, he was committed to his tomb there.

Mount Vernon, home and tomb of George Washington, is thus the most sacred shrine in America. It is a development, an organism registering stages in the growth of the Washington family. It was for a time the home of Washington's father, Augustine Washington. But Augustine

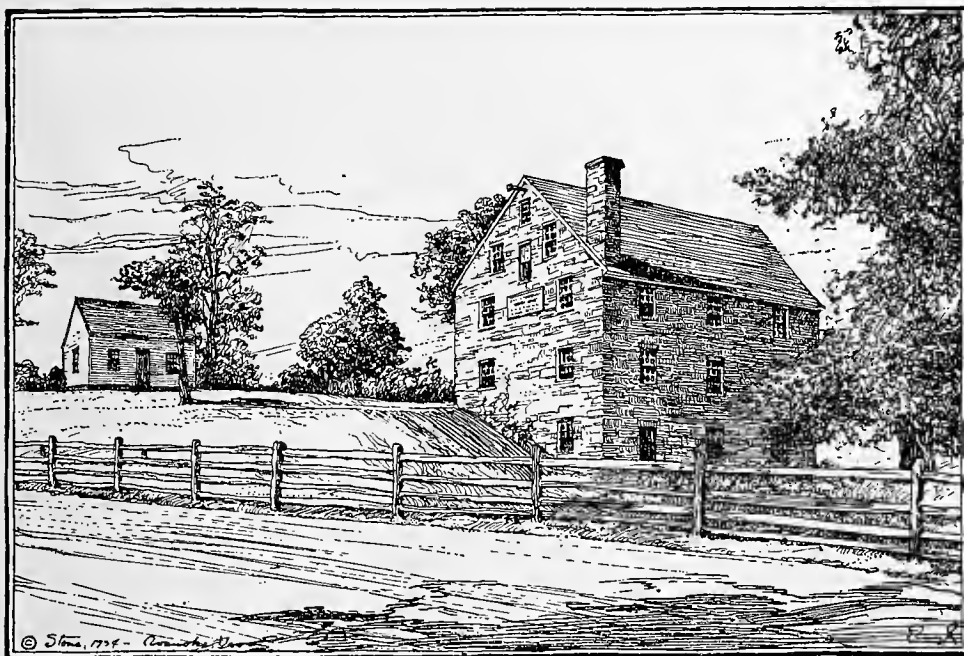
moved southward to the Rappahannock River, deeding the estate on the Potomac to his eldest son, Lawrence, in 1740.

When Lawrence Washington came into possession of the place it was not known as Mount Vernon. Lawrence almost certainly built the central part of the present house. Adventurous and young, he went off gaily in 1741 on an expedition against the Spanish-American city of Cartagena, where he came into contact with Admiral Vernon, from whom he took the name for his estate. Then, in 1743, he married Anne Fairfax, a lovely daughter of the neighboring Belvoir, and life stretched out before him, long and alluring. Alas! It was not to be. Disease seized him. He went to the Barbadoes, accompanied by his boy brother, George, but all in vain. He returned home in 1752, only to die.

Lawrence left his plantation to his wife for life, and then to George; but the latter made an arrangement with the widow by which he came into immediate possession. George, now twenty years old and the owner of a good estate, might have been expected to settle down to the congenial life of a gentleman farmer in a neighborhood noted for charming people. Such would have been the average course.

It was not that of George Washington. Deeply interested in public matters, he was soon off to the West and presently started the French and Indian War, in which he played an important part. He was absent from Mount Vernon most of the time from 1753 to 1759. Then he did return for a lengthy stay, for he returned with a wife.

The years at Mount Vernon between 1759 and 1775 were the happiest years of George Washington's career. He lived the outdoor country life he loved so well, hunting, going off for trips and for parties, entertaining company. Mount Vernon was enlarged and beautified; it gradually took on its present look. Washington had no ambitions; he loved a quiet home life. Fate made him the greatest man in the world, but always his heart was at Mount Vernon. And there he rests.



DOGUE CREEK MILL

THE mill on Dogue Creek is the earliest relic of the Washington occupancy of Mount Vernon. Augustine Washington, father of George, came to Little Hunting Creek from Wakefield and from 1734 to 1739 made it his home. Some time in this period he built a mill on Dogue Creek. No trace exists of his house, which burned in 1739. It was then that the Washington family removed to the Ferry Farm opposite Fredericksburg.

Augustine Washington gave the estate to his eldest son, Lawrence, who came into possession in 1740. The house was gone but the mill remained, perhaps the most important feature of the estate. In 1743, Lawrence Washington married Anne Fairfax, of Belvoir near by, and seems to have built the Mount Vernon house not long afterwards. When he died, George Washington bought the widow's life interest in Mount Vernon and took possession in 1752.

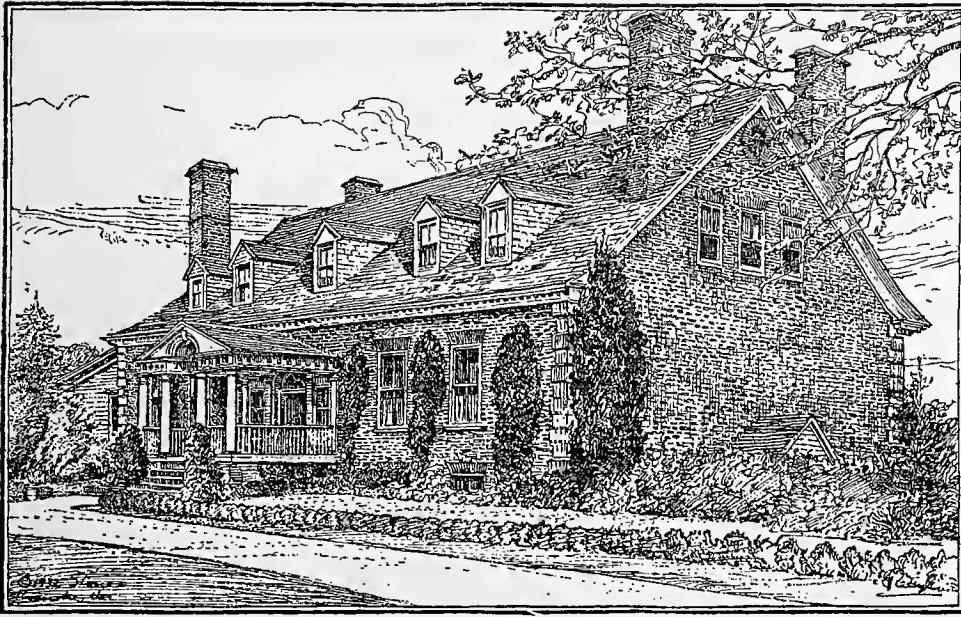
The deed made to George Washington recites that "We the parties of the first part grant to the party of the second part the life interest of Ann Lee, widow of Lawrence Washington, in two parcels of land, one situated on Little Hunting Creek, the other on Dogue Creek in Fairfax, of which Lawrence Washington died seized, also one water Grist Mill, also certain slaves" in consideration of an annual payment.

Washington, when he settled at Mount Vernon after his military service on the frontier, gave his attention to farming, but was also much interested in milling. In 1759 he brought a wife to Mount Vernon and began to take careful note of his property. He said, in 1760, that the machinery of the mill was "decayed and out of order." In 1770, he rebuilt the mill and, in 1795, reconstructed the mill race. Finally there came to be quite a village there—the mill, the miller's house, a distillery, a cooper's shop, a blacksmith shop and other buildings. It was an industrial center, a place where Washington made things for his large estate.

Washington, when at home, visited the mill very frequently, sometimes almost daily for weeks at a time. He was proud of the flour he shipped from Dogue Creek to Europe; he enjoyed watching the making of it. The mill was the last place he visited before he was seized with his fatal illness in December, 1799.

The mill continued to run for many years after Washington's death. It became ruinous but was still in existence not long before the War Between the States. The stone was carried away for other buildings, until at last nothing was left but the foundation. The mill race and the mill pond filled up, and little remained to indicate this site of Washington's manufacturing activities.

The Conservation and Development Commission has made a most careful and accurate reconstruction of the mill. It is an additional shrine connected with the Father of the Country, who was never happier than when directing the workings of his industries.



GUNSTON HALL

GUNSTON HALL is one of the most beautiful colonial houses in America, with a wonderful situation overlooking the Potomac River. It is not open to the public at present, but it will belong to the state some day and then it will be visited by thousands of lovers of the lovely.

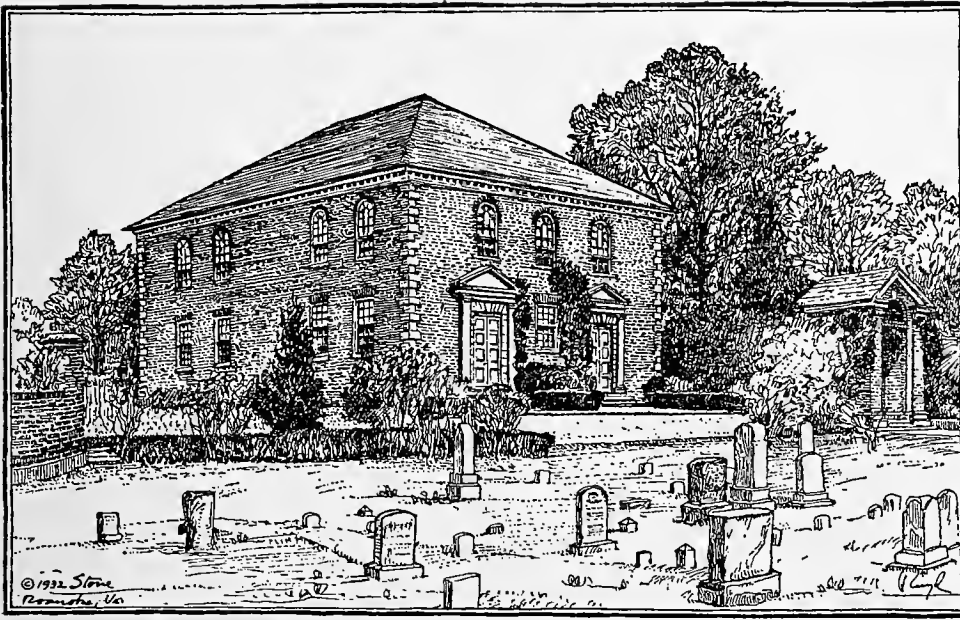
The house is not large but it is exquisite. Banged and battered for many years succeeding the War Between the States, it finally came into the possession of Louis Hertle, who has made one of the finest restorations in the country. He removed from the paneled walls the innumerable layers of wall paper and refurnished the house with period furniture. He made a garden so beautiful in summer time that it is difficult to describe it adequately. There is no finer memorial of the colonial period in American history than Gunston Hall.

The place was the home of the fourth George Mason, who built it in 1758. Although little known to fame, Mason was one of the great-

est of Americans, one of the architects of the republic. Sitting for Fairfax County in the Virginia Convention of 1776, Mason drew the Bill of Rights, perhaps the noblest statement of human rights ever penned, and wrote most of the first constitution of the state of Virginia. The Declaration of Independence was modeled on his writings. Mason was a man of great vision and he welcomed the opportunity to found a republic in which all men should have equal rights, wherein men would not be unequal before the law. He was an ardent opponent of slavery. In fact, the man's soul burned with the desire to make the world a better place for the poor and humble, though he himself was rich and prominent.

Mason sat for Virginia in the Convention of 1787 which framed the Constitution of the United States. Objecting to many of the features of the Constitution, he refused to sign it and opposed its adoption by Virginia. He saw too well what was bound to follow in its train—centralization of government, the overthrow of states' rights, war. Everything came out just as he predicted, for his vision was limitless.

Mason was offered the place of Senator for Virginia but declined. He was absolutely without ambition; he loved his beautiful home and did not wish to leave it. He died at Gunston Hall and is buried there. Since he never held a post under the Federal Government, he is not well known to the public, but, for all that, probably no American exerted a greater influence in the first formative period of our national life. Large-minded, learned, kindly, patriotic, without a trace of self-seeking, Mason remains one of the noblest men that America has yet produced.



POHICK CHURCH

IT is a very sad thing that, with all of the money of modern times, people cannot build churches that compare in beauty with those of the colonial period. Modern churches look like cream puffs, or riding academies, or orphan asylums, or public libraries, but in colonial times churches looked like churches. That may be due to the fact that people had religion in those days and in these days have architectural ideas instead.

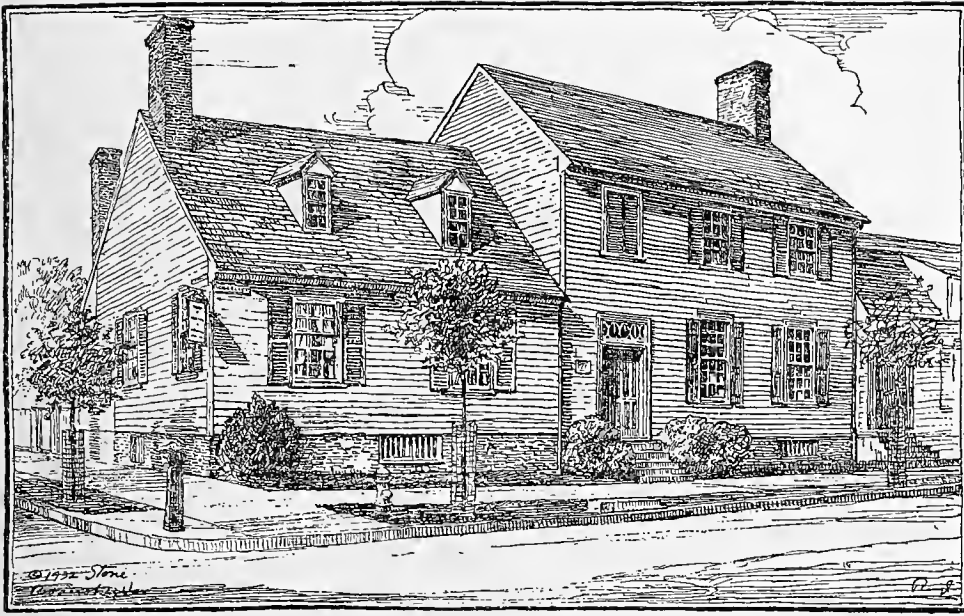
No one passes old Pohick Church, which stands immediately on the main highway south of Washington, without being impressed by its dignity and beauty. It is indeed a fine structure, and it is historically interesting because associated with George Washington, who attended services there for some time.

Pohick Church was completed in 1773, not long before the Revolution. It was built where it stands because George Washington had the better of his celebrated friend, George Mason, in a parochial contest. The

vestry had decided to build a new church—but where? Mason contended for the old site, Washington opposed. Mason was older and more influential than Washington, but the latter went to work and made a map of the parish which demonstrated that his site was the center of population. Such exactness was too much for Mason, who surrendered, and the church was built where Washington desired. The cost was 870 pounds, much money for those days. Washington was a vestryman for a time but later became an attendant at Christ Church, Alexandria.

Pohick Church knew evil days after the Revolution, when the Church of England was disestablished in Virginia. It was occupied at times by Methodists as well as by Episcopalians, and gradually fell into dilapidation. In 1861-65 it was used as a stable by Union troops, who did great damage; the old square pews were cut up for fire wood and the walls defaced.

Built just before the Revolution and at considerable cost, Pohick Church was more elaborate than most colonial churches. The stone facing at the doorway was carved into pilasters with Ionic capitals. The church has been beautifully restored and is well worth seeing by those interested in memorials intimately connected with the life of George Washington.



MARY WASHINGTON'S HOME

FROM 1739 to 1772 the Washington family lived at Ferry Farm across the Rappahannock River from Fredericksburg. It was from this place that George Washington adventured out into the world. But, in 1772, Washington prevailed on his mother to leave the farm and move to the town across the river, where she could live in greater comfort. The house is at the corner of Lewis and Charles streets and, at that time, was near the Kenmore estate, where lived Betty Washington. The mother would thus be near the daughter.

Here Mary, the mother of Washington, lived through all the trying years of the Revolution. Here Lafayette came to visit her when he arrived in April, 1781, to take command of the Continental forces in Virginia. Here Washington and Rochambeau came to see her, when they tarried in Fredericksburg on the way to Yorktown in September, 1781. It is said that she was working amid the flowers in her garden when a messenger dismounted from his horse and told her that Corn-

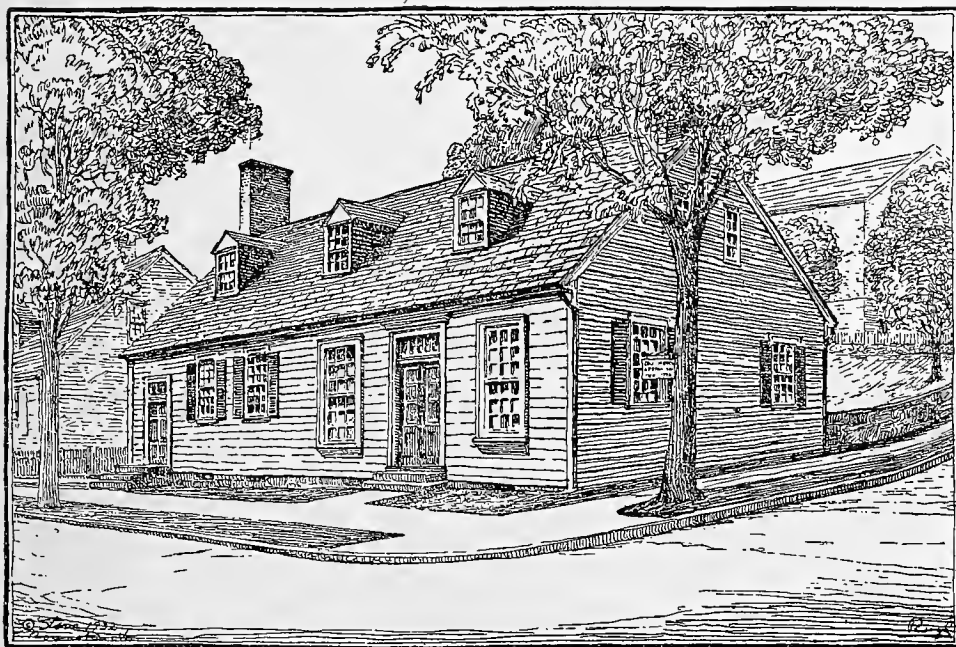
wallis had surrendered. And here, in 1789, Washington left her to go to New York to be inaugurated the first President of the United States.

A remnant of the boxwood planted by Mary Washington is still standing; it is said to have extended once all the way to Kenmore. The house is simple and plain, as were most houses in those days, but it was large enough for a woman whose children had left her for their own homes. And she was near her daughter, Betty, who lived at Kenmore.

Mary Washington briefly survived her son's elevation to the supreme magistracy of the new nation. She had long been in ill health, and in this same year of 1789 she died. She was buried on the Kenmore estate not far from the site of the monument erected to her, but the exact spot is not known.

Here, in 1833, came President Andrew Jackson to lay the corner stone of the monument. A carved work of white marble, the monument was never finished and was scarred by bullets in the Battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862. Here, in 1894, came President Grover Cleveland to lay the corner stone of a second monument, a plain granite shaft which ever since has remained a memorial to the mother of George Washington.

Washington gained his strong and independent character from his mother rather than from his father. Mary Washington was a woman of great individuality and did not always get along well with her immortal son. Two such positive characters were bound to clash at times, but George sincerely loved his mother and mourned her death.



MERCER'S APOTHECARY SHOP

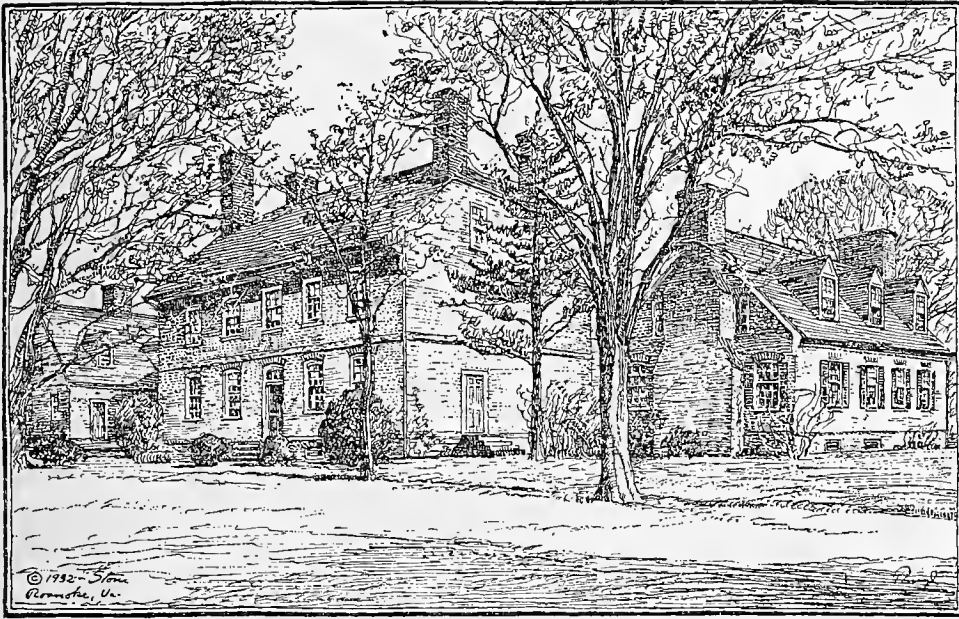
ONE of the quaintest shrines in Virginia is Hugh Mercer's apothecary shop in Fredericksburg. Many years ago it was converted into an outhouse, but it remained largely as it had been, and now an excellent restoration makes it wholly what it was in 1775 when the Revolution fired the soul of the proprietor, Hugh Mercer, with the desire to serve his country.

Mercer was a Scot and a rebel by nature and vocation. He had been a rebel in Scotland, and it was easy for him to turn his hand to rebellion in Virginia. Some years before the Revolution, he settled in Fredericksburg and soon built up a large medical practice. His account book shows that Mrs. Mary Washington, mother of George Washington, was among his patients and items in his book of accounts read, "Madam Washington, one bark," or "Madam Washington, one toddy." These accounts were periodically paid by George Washington, who was a warm personal friend of Mercer and who, for years, kept in a small room in the old apoth-

ecary shop a desk at which Washington settled the affairs of his Rappahannock River plantations and of his mother's quarter, on periodical visits to Fredericksburg. When the call to arms came Mercer responded and soon rose to be a brigadier-general, since he had had experience in soldiering before coming to America.

He won immortality at Princeton in January, 1777. Exposing himself with the utmost recklessness, he was hacked to pieces by British bayonets, as he would not surrender. He died two or three days later. Some years ago a monument was erected to him in Fredericksburg and, more recently, the apothecary shop was restored. It is an exceedingly interesting place to see, perhaps the only remaining colonial drug store in America.

The Battle of Princeton was one of the turning points of the Revolution. Washington, retreating across New Jersey in the last days of 1776, turned fiercely at bay and captured a Hessian detachment at Trenton. He followed this up by attacking the rear guard of a pursuing British force at Princeton on January 3, 1777. The British rallied and mortally wounded Mercer, but they were finally defeated with heavy loss. Some of the fighting took place amidst the buildings of Princeton College. This victory, together with that of Trenton, gave new hope to the patriots, who a few days before had been thoroughly disheartened. It was then that Washington's greatness began to be appreciated. He gained the confidence of people and army alike.



KENMORE

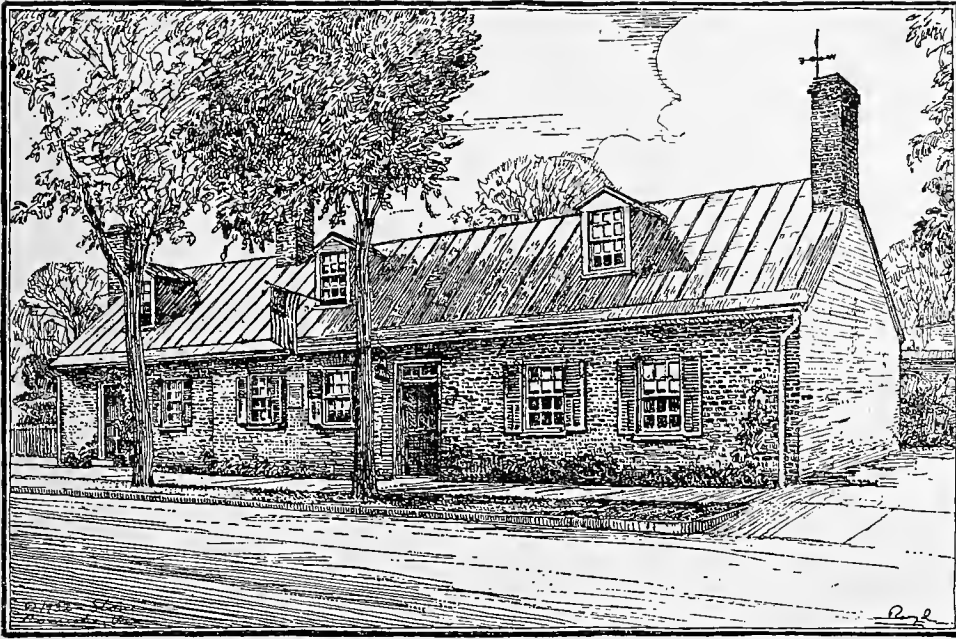
FREDERICKSBURG was George Washington's first home town. He lived for years at the Ferry Farm across the river from it and he inherited at his father's death, in 1743, two lots in the town. His mother lived in Fredericksburg from 1772 until her death; his sister lived there for years, and his brother, Charles (whose house is still in a good state of preservation), also lived there. Fredericksburg was the Washington town.

Kenmore is one of the finest colonial houses in America. Now that many coats of paint have been removed and the original outhouses have been restored, we can see how it looked in the days when George Washington was a visitor there.

Washington's sister, Elizabeth, married Fielding Lewis, who is always referred to as *Colonel* Fielding Lewis after the excellent Virginia habit that gave a military title to every man of prominence. Kenmore was then a farm of considerable size and Lewis was a man of means. The

house was built long before the Revolution and Washington went there to see his sister whenever he came to town. In September, 1781, when he was on his way to Yorktown in company with the French general, Rochambeau, Washington spent a night at Kenmore. He was there as late as 1791 on his famous Southern tour, and perhaps later. Betty Washington Lewis did not end her life at Kenmore; she went to Culpeper County to spend her last days, and died and was buried there. However, Mary, the mother of Washington, was buried on the Kenmore estate at some point near her monument. Fielding Lewis was a great patriot and ruined himself through his patriotic zeal. He conducted a gun factory in Fredericksburg (the site of which is still marked by Gunnery Spring) and made muskets for the Continental forces.

Kenmore was built in 1752 when George Washington was just twenty years old and on the threshold of his career. Here Fielding Lewis and his lovely wife lived an idyllic life until the call to arms at the beginning of the Revolution. Lewis, after service in the field, was appointed manufacturer of small arms and ammunition, which work he carried on successfully. Unsupported financially, he spent some thousand pounds of his own money and borrowed thousands more. Kenmore, it appears, was finally sold to satisfy the debt. Lewis sacrificed all on the altar of patriotism.

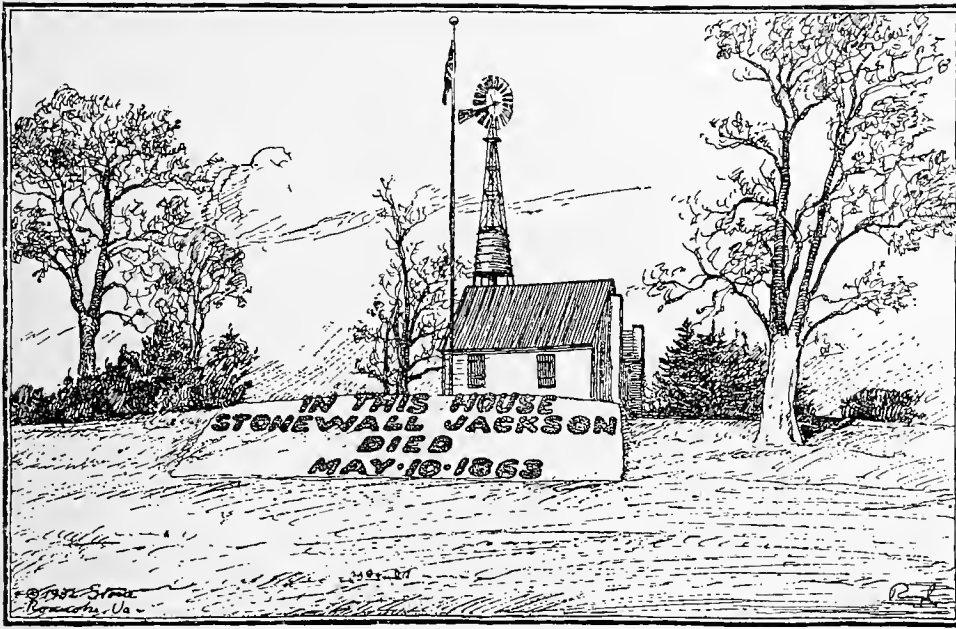


THE MONROE SHRINE

JAMES MONROE began life as a poor lawyer in Fredericksburg. He had served with honor in the Revolution and, after the war, turned his attention to law. He settled in Fredericksburg and hung out his shingle. The house in which he lived (or is supposed to have lived) is shown to visitors. It is a negro hovel, and some of the local historians doubt its authenticity. However, there can be no doubt of the law office. This small brick building in course of time fell on evil days and became a very squalid tenement. In recent years it was bought by descendants of James Monroe, who have fitted it into a beautiful small museum containing many interesting articles belonging to the great President. Monroe left Fredericksburg to go to Charlottesville, to be near his beloved Jefferson. Thence he went to Washington to be Secretary of State (and in 1814 Secretary of War as well), and when Madison had had two terms, Monroe became President on March 4, 1817. His administration was the most fortunate in American history,

without any exception, but we may well believe that Monroe was never as happy again as he had been in his quaint law office in Fredericksburg when the world was young and everything went well.

Monroe, born in Westmoreland County, naturally gravitated to Fredericksburg to settle, for Fredericksburg was the home town of the Northern Neck. His career began with his election as town councilman in Fredericksburg. He was destined to be Minister to France and England, twice Governor of Virginia, Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and President of the United States. His presidency was so peaceful that it is known as the "Era of Good Feeling," for in those happy years between 1816 and 1824 there were no party conflicts. Perhaps the President is best remembered as the author of the "Monroe Doctrine," which closed the American continents to schemes of European aggrandizement. When, in the War Between the States, the French conquered Mexico and set up a puppet emperor, Americans never forgot that Monroe had announced that outside nations were not to extend their sway in America. The Mexican Empire fell, and the country returned to the rule of its native inhabitants. For more than a century now the Monroe Doctrine has protected the unstable countries south of the United States from plots of foreign ambition.



JACKSON'S DEATHPLACE

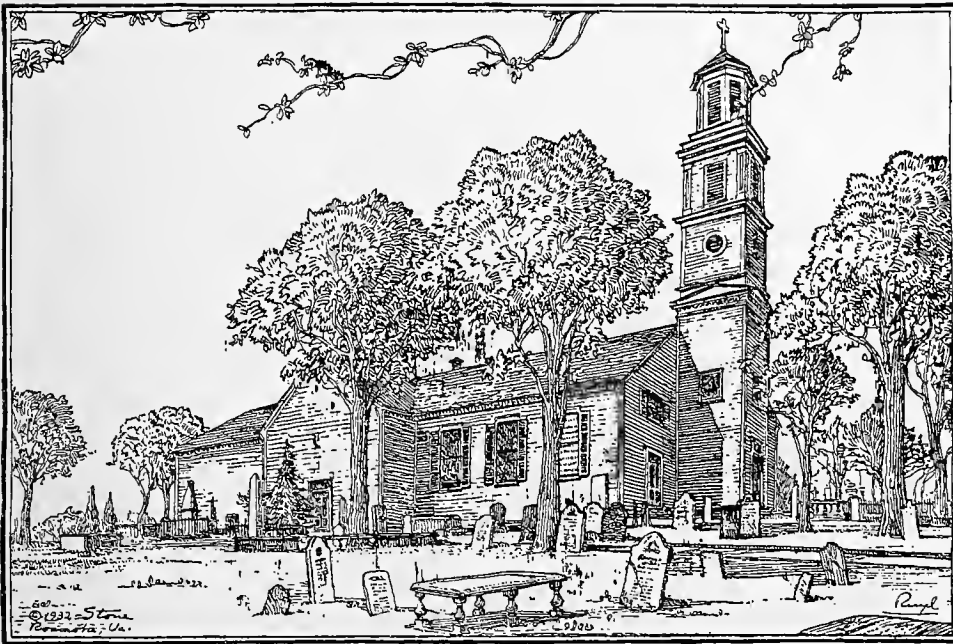
NO SPOT in all Virginia is more sacred than the little house in which Stonewall Jackson breathed his last. Very few men are indispensable; the world gets along well enough after the exit of statesmen and business men, but sometimes the loss of a soldier is the loss of everything. Jackson may have spelled the difference between victory and defeat; that is why his career is so surprisingly interesting and his fate so tragic. The little house at Guinea Station takes on something of the significance of the place where Julius Caesar fell. If he had lived, history might have been different.

Jackson was struck down, in the hour of victory, at twilight of May 2, 1863. Shot in one hand and in the other arm, he suffered a hurried amputation of the injured arm at a field hospital near Chancellorsville. But Stoneman's cavalry had raided south toward Richmond and Lee was afraid that his great lieutenant would be captured. Accordingly he ordered that Jackson be taken to Guinea (then Guiney's) Station on

the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad for transferral to Richmond.

This was a fatal order. The wounded man was jolted for twenty-five miles in a more or less springless ambulance over roads that were indescribable. He arrived at Guinea Station and was placed in an outhouse and made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. But soon afterward pneumonia set in, and on May 10, 1863, the immortal soldier breathed his last. His body was taken on the railroad to Richmond, where it lay in state in the governor's house and the capitol. Thousands pressed to get a last glimpse of the fearless leader, feeling as they did so that the Southern cause had lost its great hope. The remains of Stonewall Jackson were laid at rest in the cemetery of his beloved Lexington, where he had spent some years of his life as a professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

The house has been carefully preserved by the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, which has made it a model shrine. It is well worth visiting; one who enters that small chamber feels something not to be forgotten. He has been at the deathbed of a nation.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

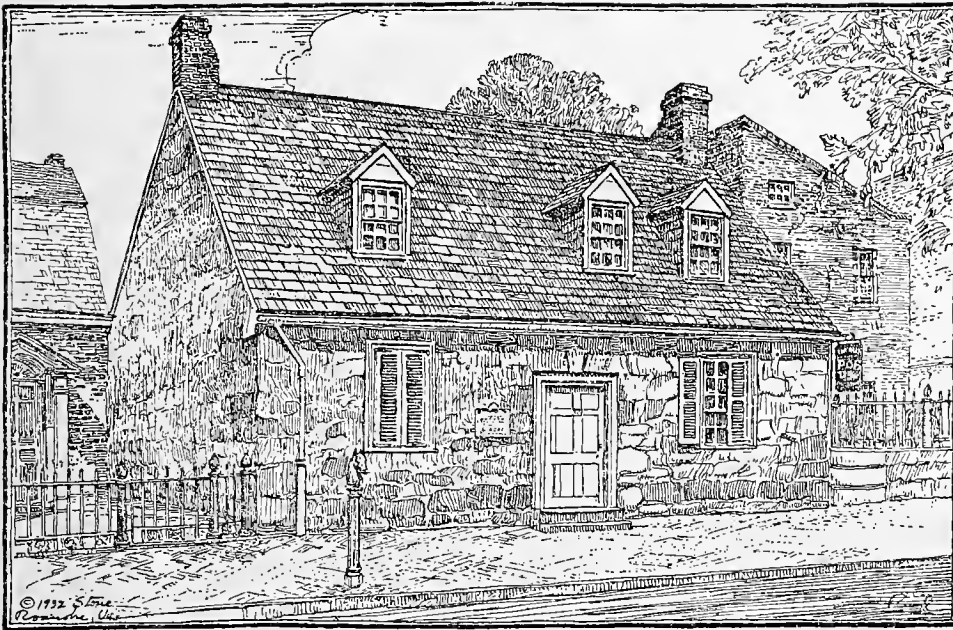
REBELLION—or patriotism, if you prefer—was in the air in the opening days of 1775. The Virginia House of Burgesses at Williamsburg was in rebellion against the royal governor, the Earl of Dunmore. The burgesses had plotted for several years in the celebrated Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, but now they wished to take open measures of resistance. Consequently, a call went out for the burgesses to meet as a convention at Richmond in March, 1775.

At that time, Richmond was not the somewhat imposing city it now is. In fact, it was a miserable village huddling on the low ground near the river, with a few good houses on the hills above. But Richmond, then as now, was a central point, a good place for the delegates from northern, southern and western Virginia to come together. When the convention met, it was found that the village was too small to afford any other meeting place than the parish church. This stood on a convenient eminence known as Church Hill.

St. John's was the church of Henrico Parish, which goes back to 1611 when Sir Thomas Dale made his settlement at Henricopolis. In 1741, on the hill above "Shaco" was built a church, sixty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, which was enlarged in 1772. In this building the convention assembled on that fateful day in March, 1775.

It was the most important meeting that had ever taken place in Virginia. Many eminent men were there, chief among them George Washington, before long to become the commander of the Continental Army. But in this convention it was an orator, not a soldier, who was to take the limelight. The matter of debate was whether Dunmore was to be left at Williamsburg to plot against the patriots or be driven from the colony. Then it was that Patrick Henry rose from his pew in the church to plead for immediate action. The next gale, he declared, would bring the clash of arms from the North. Virginia must be up and doing. Now was the time to strike for freedom. He wound up with those memorable words which have done so much mischief in the world by inspiring school boys with the ambition to become orators, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

In January, 1781, nearly six years later, the old church witnessed the scenes of Arnold's entrance into Richmond and the futile efforts of a handful of militia to impede his progress. In 1862-65 it was the center of much interest, for Castle Thunder, a prison, was near by, and the more celebrated Libby Prison was not far from it below the hill.



THE POE SHRINE

ONLY a few years ago the building in which Edgar Allan Poe edited the *Southern Literary Messenger* was pulled down. Nobody seemed much concerned at the loss of this priceless historic relic then, so short has been the interval between the period of lack of interest in historical things and the present age of historical appreciation. Thus, when the time came to establish a Poe Shrine in Richmond, none of the buildings associated with the great writer remained. It was necessary to find another place, and the Poeites showed good judgment in choosing the "Old Stone House," as the shrine building has been called for generations.

The house is on Main Street and not far from the place where Poe edited the magazine. He must have passed the place a thousand times and, no doubt, frequently entered it. Thus it is well fitted for its office. The house was built by Jacob Ege before the Revolution when few houses were standing in the village of Richmond. Many prominent men have

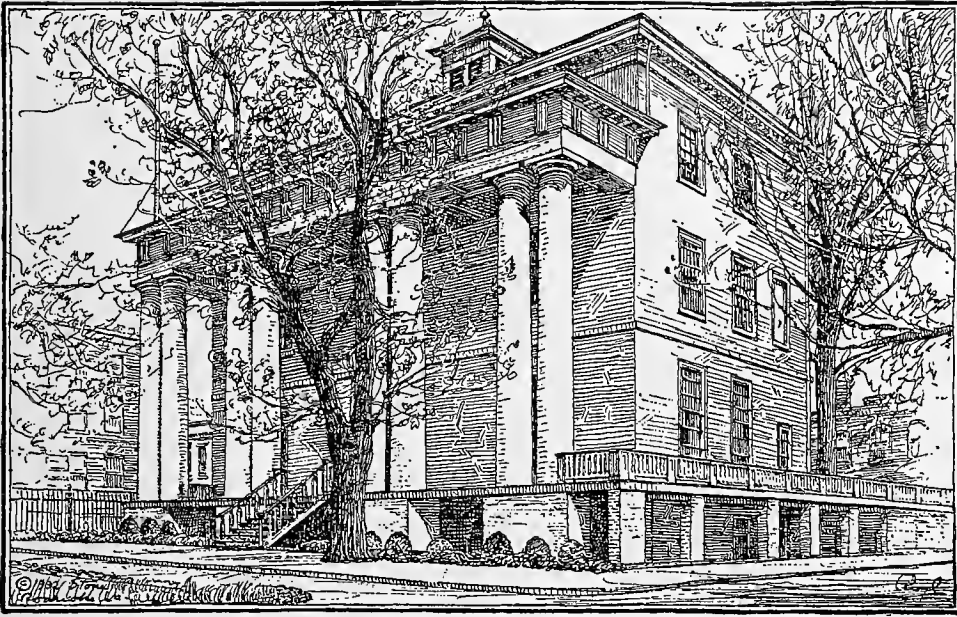
been within its walls and perhaps President James Monroe boarded there when attending school in Richmond.

Poe's early life centered in this vicinity. The office of the *Southern Literary Messenger* was on Main street at Fifteenth. On Bank street near Main was the boarding house where he married Virginia Clemm, his girl wife. Not far away was the Allan home, where he passed most of his boyhood, his happiest years, as the protégé and pet of Mrs. Allan.

Poe loved Richmond and returned to it from time to time in his wandering, poverty-stricken life. He never prospered after leaving Richmond and losing his regular salary as a magazine editor; the rest of his life was spent in peddling his literary wares to buyers who considered a dollar or two sufficient compensation for the works of a genius.

In the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Poe published some of the weird stories and hauntingly beautiful poems on which his fame rests. In Richmond his imagination flowered in gorgeous blossoms, not the less beautiful because their colors are somber. The greatest writer America has produced, Poe was the victim of circumstances rather than of his own faults, for it was a terrible task for a literary man to make a living in those days.

The Poe shrine is ideally situated. One of the oldest houses in Richmond, it breathes the age of which Poe was a part. It suggests the Richmond of a century ago when the great poet walked the streets, climbed Church Hill and looked down on the river below with its ships from foreign parts.



THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM

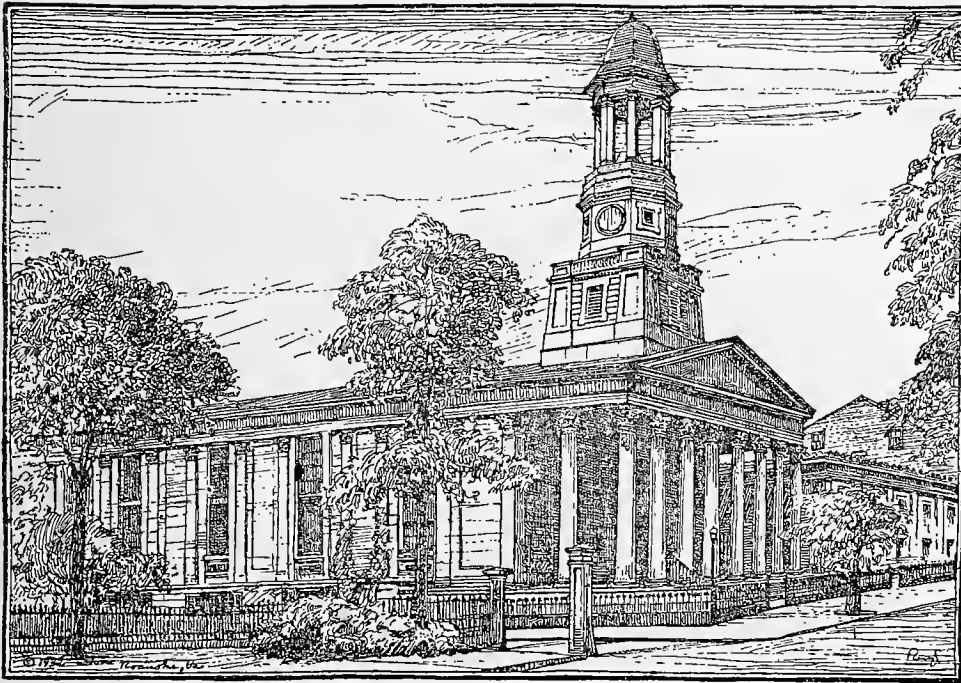
THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM is the most interesting historic relic in Richmond. It awakens memories of the past such as few buildings have the power to do, for in it dwelt President Jefferson Davis, first and last President of the South. In some way or other the dwelling of the President of the United States came to be called the "White House." In that passion of imitation that characterizes mankind, the dwelling of the President of the Confederate States is known as "The White House of the Confederacy."

The house, then in a fashionable neighborhood, was built in 1818 by Dr. John Brockenbrough. It passed through several hands and in 1861 was the property of Lewis D. Crenshaw. It is a typical inconvenient, old-fashioned house with beautiful woodwork. In 1861 the City of Richmond bought the house and offered it as a present to President Davis. He declined to accept it and the Confederate Government rented it as his home while in Richmond.

Here Davis passed the weary, anxious months from the summer of 1861 to the spring of 1865. Here it was that one of his children fell and killed himself. Here he lay in bed, utterly spent, when the news came of Gettysburg. From this house he went on April 2, 1865, in his flight south.

The next day, April 3, Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates and the house was seized by General Weitzel, commanding the Union forces in Richmond; it was held by the United States Government until 1870 and then restored to the city. On April 4, 1865, the house was visited by Lincoln, who remained there for some time. For many years it has been a museum of relics of the War Between the States.

The Confederate Museum contains priceless relics of the War Between the States—personal belongings of the great leaders, newspaper files, books published at the time, and many other things. Still more interesting is the house itself, unmodern, comfortless, redolent of a past which is now remote—that past when Richmond was the center of world interest—but which is fascinating to recreate.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, RICHMOND

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH has always been a show place. Across the street from the capitol square, it seems to lean toward the square as if mutely pleading to be included. It is historic and radiates history just as much as religion. One cannot worship there without thinking of the past.

St. Paul's was built some years before the Civil War and originally boasted a steeple, which was taken down a number of years ago as being unsafe. It was the fashionable church of the city when the Confederate Government moved to Richmond in May, 1861. President Jefferson Davis selected it as his church and was confirmed there by the rector, the Rev. Charles Minnegerode, who had had an interesting career as a duelist in Europe and had then "got religion" and become a preacher. Having been a fighter once, he preached belligerent sermons, such as

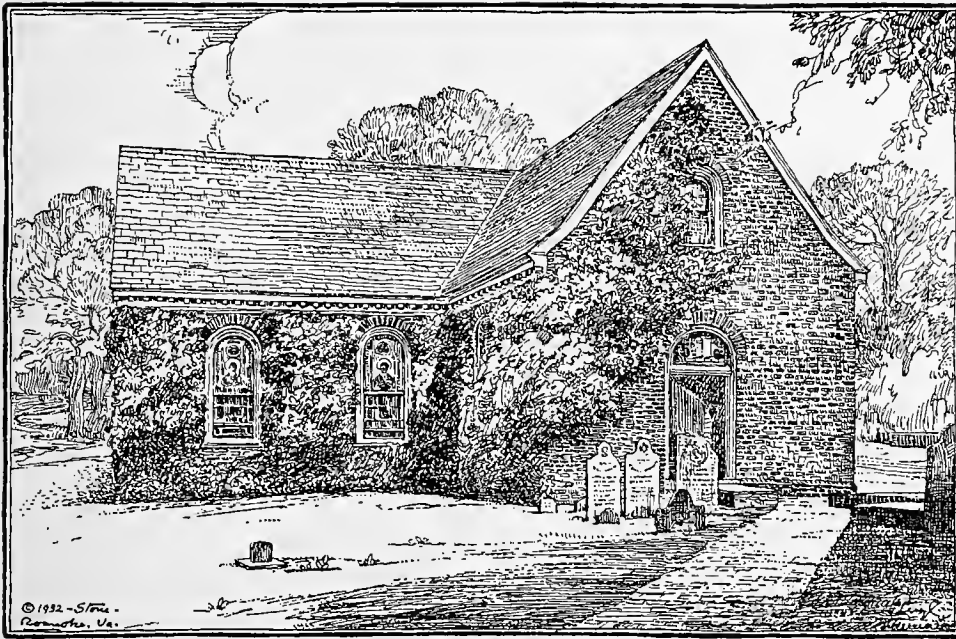
were pleasing to the soul of the Southern President. Davis rented a pew in the church and attended services regularly.

St. Paul's became a sort of state church. Lee, when he was in Richmond, attended there, and other Confederate officers flocked to it, to such an unreasonable extent that somebody counted nine major-generals there of a Sunday morning.

On Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, Jefferson Davis was in his pew as usual, since he felt the need of prayer more than ever; the situation was desperate indeed. Midway in the service, while the congregation was droning out the responses, someone slipped into the church and hastened to the President's pew. Stopping there, he whispered in Davis's ear. The President calmly, though he was pale enough, walked out of the church.

Lee had sent word that his lines had been broken at Five Forks and that he would have to abandon Richmond. With what sensations the fallen President walked out of the church and into the sunshine! He knew that the end of his world had come.

Many important visitors have worshiped in St. Paul's. The most notable of these was King Edward VII, who, as Prince of Wales, attended service there in 1860.



BLANDFORD CHURCH

BLANDFORD CHURCH was in Bristol Parish. The parish was formed in 1642 and was called Bristol for the Appomattox River, which at that time was the Bristol River. The parish extended on both sides of the river, from the junction of the Appomattox and James at City Point to beyond the falls.

This picturesque ruin, widely known as Blandford Church, never appears on the vestry books under any other title than "The Old Brick Church on Well's Hill." It was the successor to the Ferry Chapel, built about 1720.

In 1733 a committee was appointed to look into repairs for the Ferry Chapel. The chapel being in a sad condition, it was decided to build a new church. In May (4th), 1734, the vestry contracted with Thomas Ravenscroft to build the church for £485 current money of Virginia. In 1735 a lot on Well's Hill was bought from John Low, and the church was finished in August, 1736.

Colonel Robert Bolling, Captain Peter Jones, of "Peter's Point," and Theodoric Bland were vestrymen.

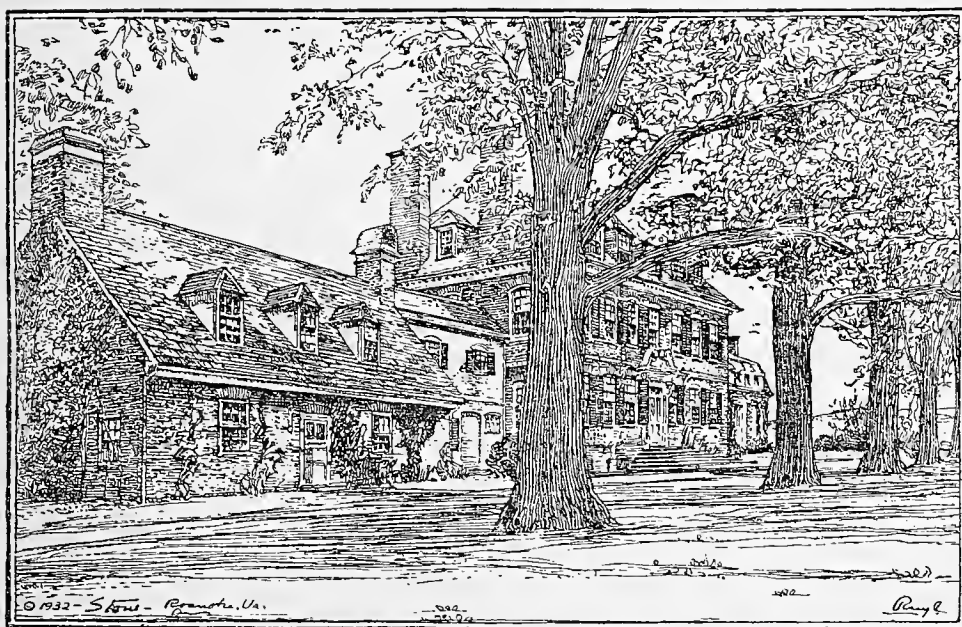
The first vestry meeting was held there, August 13, 1737. Many additions, such as family pews, were added from time to time. In 1752 it was decided to make an addition to the north side of the church, and build a brick wall about it. Colonel Richard Bland was given the contract to build this addition. As it had not been finished in 1760, the vestry threatened to give the contract to someone else.

Some years later the drift of the population to Petersburg brought about the building of a new church in that city, and for a time services were held alternately at the new church and at Blandford. Finally the old church was abandoned in favor of the new, and Blandford fell into decay, surrounded by its city of the dead. The ruins were so impressive that they inspired a noted poem, supposedly written by Tyrone Power, an actor—

*O! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again;
How would our very souls be stirred,
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The light of other days!*

Many notables are buried in Blandford Cemetery, among them General Phillips who, with Benedict Arnold, pillaged Virginia in 1781. The cemetery is also the resting place of thirty thousand Confederate soldiers.

It overlooks one of the most noted fields of the War Between the States, for on the flats just below it the Battle of the Crater took place on July 30, 1864. Grant's engineers exploded a mine under the Confederate earthworks in an effort to capture Petersburg, but the attempt failed.



WESTOVER

THE French soldier, De Chastellux, who roamed over the United States in the Revolutionary period, said that Westover was the most beautiful place in America. It still is.

The first William Byrd made what was a fortune for those days by trading with the Indians. In 1688 he bought the Westover plantation and passed the remainder of his life there. About 1730 the second William Byrd built the existing house, which burned and was later restored.

This William Byrd was the most remarkable colonial of his day. He had a very keen sense of humor, and in an age when writing was regarded as akin to insanity he had the temerity to write books which were not published until long after his death. Of the colonial literature his writings are of the best. One still reads with pleasure his account of his journey to the Land of Eden and his travels to the mines. He was a great book collector but he was so unfortunate as to live a cen-

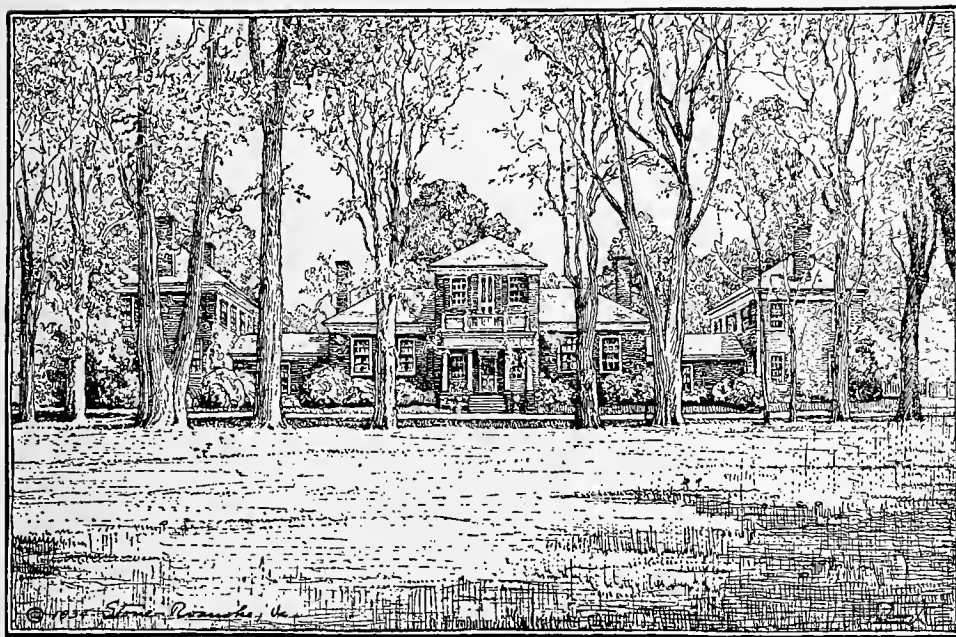
tury before his time. A hundred years later he would have been a noted writer, putting his stamp upon the age.

Tragedy is in the air at Westover; there was a fatality about the place. The second William Byrd had a daughter, Evelyn, who inherited her father's imagination without his hard sense. It is supposed that she had a love affair in England with the Earl of Peterborough. The story is that William Byrd objected to the match and broke it off. At all events the fair Evelyn never married but pined away at Westover and was buried in the garden. Her ghost haunted the house for many years but finally went away.

The third and last William Byrd was a soldier and the colonel of the Second Virginia regiment in the French and Indian War, Washington being the colonel of the First. He did not sympathize with the Revolution and was supposed to be a Tory, though he committed no overt act. He died during the war. His widow then became the owner of the place.

In January, 1781, Arnold was there, and the Virginia government suspected that he was not unwelcome. At all events, Mrs. Byrd made herself objectionable by trading with the British, and the state government seriously thought of arresting her and trying her for treason, but refrained. In May, 1781, Earl Cornwallis came to Westover and was probably received with cordiality.

Again, in 1862, Westover had a strong taste of war. After the Battle of Malvern Hill the Union army camped in that vicinity and did great damage to the house and grounds. In 1864, Grant's army, going to Petersburg, crossed the James River not far from Westover. Thus the beautiful place is redolent of great events in two wars.



BRANDON

PROBABLY the most beautiful old garden in the country is that at Brandon on the James. The sheer loveliness of the place in early summer is hard to describe; one passes into another and forgotten world while breathing the scent of ancient flowers such as grew in colonial gardens and nowadays are seldom seen.

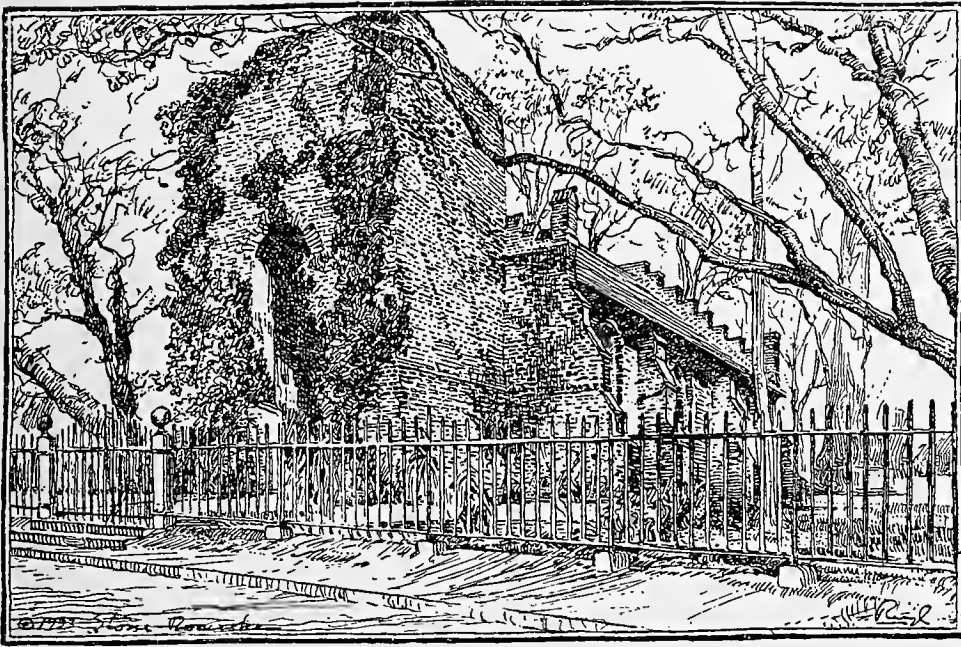
Brandon was purchased by Nathaniel Harrison, in 1720, and the place remained in the Harrison family until a few years ago, when it came into the possession of Mr. Robert Daniel. The present house was built about 1765. It is a fine type of colonial architecture, but the great glory of the place is its incomparable garden.

Brandon has seen great events in two wars. On May 7, 1781, the British General Phillips, on his way to Petersburg, landed from his ships at Brandon. He was already ill and had to be conveyed in a carriage; a week later he died. In 1864, Grant's army crossed the James

River not far from Brandon. Brandon was patented in 1617 by John Martin, an ancestor of the present owner. The place was originally known as "Martin's Brandon" for this John Martin; in 1619, it sent two representatives to the first assembly in America at Jamestown.

Later Brandon and Merchant's Hope became the joint property of Richard Quiney and his brother-in-law, John Sadler, which fact connects Virginia, in a way, with the immortal Shakespeare. The Quineys were from Stratford-on-Avon, England; one of them, Thomas Quiney, married Judith, only child of William Shakespeare.

After Brandon came into the possession of the Harrisons, it was divided into Lower and Upper Brandon, Lower Brandon being the older part. Brandon is, in many respects, the most beautiful place in Virginia and the finest survival of the colonial era. The ancient house, the incomparable garden, the splendid situation on the banks of the James, combine to lend attractiveness to a mansion that witnessed typical Virginia hospitality of the best sort, not for generations merely but for centuries.



JAMESTOWN

JAMESTOWN, that name of poignant memories, where the English planted their first successful colony on American soil! The place is perhaps the most famous shrine within the limits of the United States.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth the English made several efforts to establish a colony in America, but the attempts failed. Finally, early in the reign of James I, the London Company sent over a colony. It was on April 26, 1607, that the settlers sailed through the Virginia Capes into Chesapeake Bay and, on May 13, 1607, the three ships came to anchor at the spot selected for settlement, thirty miles above the mouth of the river.

The settlers were mostly city men and knew nothing of pioneering in a new country; dearly they paid for their want of experience. They had to fell the forest trees and build cabins for themselves and a fort for their protection. Their food was scanty and bad, and they brought disease with them. In the first period of settlement nearly all of the orig-

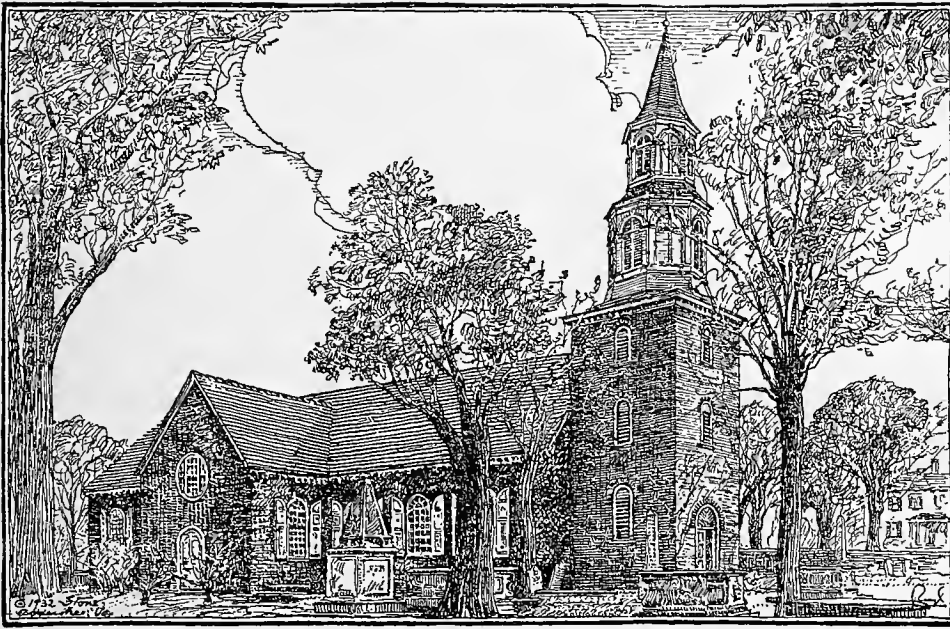
inal settlers died. In 1610, the famous "Starving Time," almost the whole number perished; the settlement was abandoned and the survivors were on their way back to England when a relieving expedition came to save the colony.

After many trials and untold sufferings, the Englishmen on American soil learned to adapt themselves to conditions of life in a wild country with a climate very different from that of England. They learned to depend for their food staple on Indian corn. For their money crop they raised tobacco, making it the first economic foundation of America. After more than three centuries the tobacco industry remains the leading resource of Virginia.

The history of the Jamestown settlement is full of romance. Gradually the settlement pushed out into the beautiful forest in spite of the opposition of the Indians. The English came into intimate contact with the red men as they dealt with the head chief of all the eastern tribes, Powhatan. Here at Jamestown, Powhatan's daughter, the gentle Pocahontas, married the Englishman, John Rolfe. Here, in 1619, the first legislative assembly ever to meet in America assembled at the rude capital.

It was to Jamestown that Bacon the Rebel came in 1676 to overthrow the royal governor, Sir William Berkeley. The governor fled, and Bacon's men burned the little town to prevent Berkeley's using it as a rallying point against the rebels. From this destruction Jamestown never recovered. A few years longer it lasted as the capital of the colony, but its marshy soil was not healthful and it was no longer the center of the settlement.

At the last of the century, the capital was moved to the Middle Plantation, that is, Williamsburg. After a time all that remained of Jamestown was the church tower shown in the picture.



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH

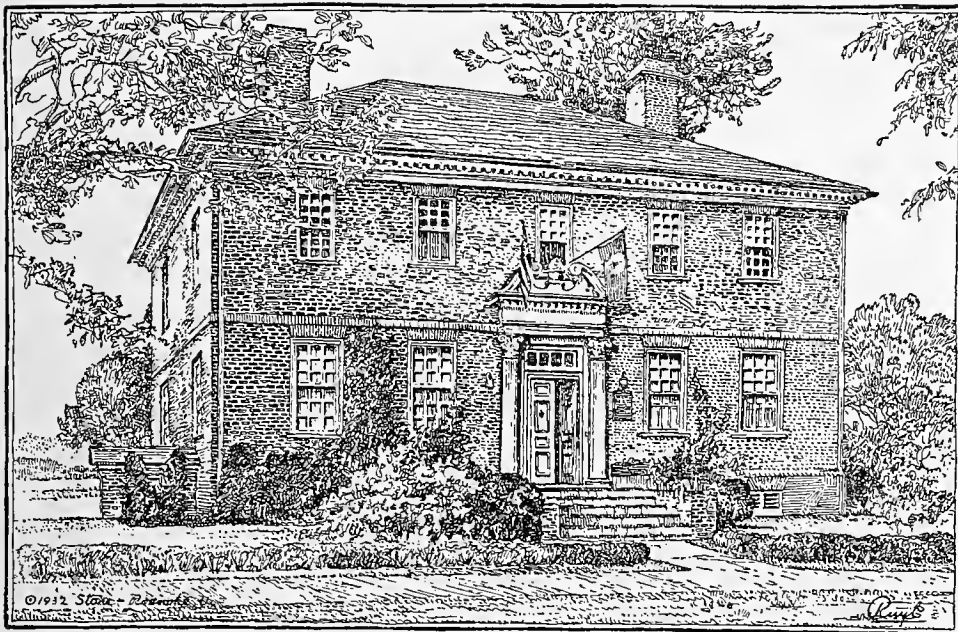
BRUTON PARISH CHURCH is one of the most dignified and beautiful ecclesiastical structures in America and testifies to the excellence of the architecture in colonial times before taste became perverted by modern ideas. The parish church of Williamsburg in the golden days between 1750 and 1775, when the colonial era was in its final flush, it was, in reality, the court church of Virginia.

Every Sunday morning in those happy years a dozen or more large and clumsy chariots, drawn by four or six horses and driven by self-important negroes clad in livery of a sort, would clatter up to the church yard and deliver their freight of men, dressed in red, blue or yellow coats and breeches, with powdered Sunday wigs on their uneasy heads, and girls with patches on their faces and with bonnets fastened under the chin. Men would come riding up on horses and fasten the horses to trees. The students from the college would foregather. The governor

would drive up and would get out on his gouty legs while the gentlemen around would take off their hats. It was truly a scene of glory.

The first brick church was consecrated on January 6, 1684, before Williamsburg had become the capital of the colony. It was rebuilt and enlarged in 1710-1715 and enlarged again at a later period. Henry Cary and John Tyler built the present church. Bruton Parish itself was formed by joining three little parishes into one and was named for Governor Sir William Berkeley's birthplace in England. The first rector of the parish was Rowland Jones, an ancestor of Martha Washington, wife of George, and therefore interesting because related in a way to the Father of the Country. The famous John Blair, founder of William and Mary College, was long rector of the church.

After the Revolution Bruton was used for many years as a union church; divers congregations worshiped there. Finally, however, when a Universalist missionary announced within its walls that there was no hell, the outraged citizens took possession of the building and made it an Episcopal church again, and so it has remained until this day. In 1905, through the efforts of the rector, Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, the church was handsomely restored, and it is one of the most moving places within the limits of the Old Dominion.



THE WYTHE HOUSE

THIS house, around the corner from Bruton Church, is one of the most interesting buildings in Virginia. It was the home of George Wythe, who, if he was not the father of the American Revolution, was, in a sense, the father of the American Revolutionists. No man in colonial America had a stronger mind than George Wythe, and few others approached him in legal and historical learning.

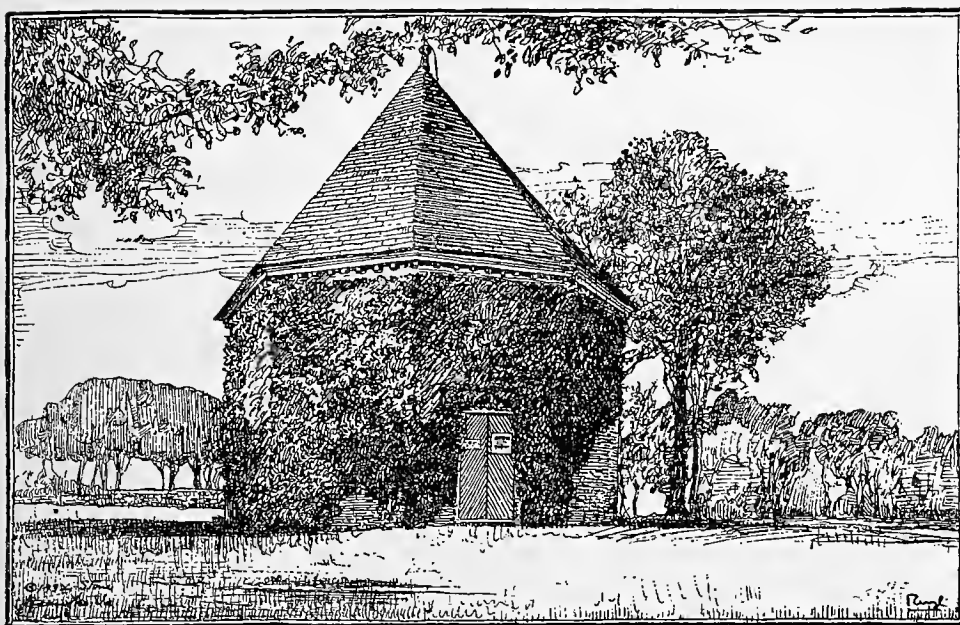
The Wythe House was built, about 1760, by Richard Taliaferro, Wythe's father-in-law. Here Wythe lived from 1779 to 1791, the first law professor in America. He taught Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, Edmund Randolph. He had much to do with making the Virginia Constitution of 1776. He was a member of the Federal Constitutional Convention of 1787, but did not sign the Constitution. He was a learned judge. But it was his particular forte to be guide and mentor to the Revolutionists of 1773-1776. Nearly all of them were young men and they needed an

older head; they found that head in Wythe—a wise, patient, constructive head. An important member of the Continental Congress, Wythe signed the Declaration of Independence, which he heartily approved. The debt of the United States to George Wythe is very great, but that debt is largely unknown to the public since Wythe has found no popular biographer.

The most interesting period of the Wythe House was in September, 1781, when it was for some days the headquarters of George Washington. He left it on the morning of September 28, 1781, to march to Yorktown. That would be enough to immortalize any house.

Jefferson spoke of Wythe as “one of the greatest men of the age, distinguished by the most spotless virtue.” He is described as being of “middle size, well formed, his forehead ample, nose aquiline, eyes dark gray, expression manly and engaging.”

The Wythe House has an authenticated ghost. Wythe himself was murdered—though in Richmond—and his spirit haunts the scene of its earthly happiness. People who sleep in the haunted room are likely to be disturbed by the ghost, which is truculent and aggressive. Indeed, it is said to be a dangerous ghost. Nobody sleeps in the house now, for it is the parish house of Bruton Church, but it is well not to linger too long in the gloaming in the haunted house, as something—one does not know what—may happen to the loiterer.



THE POWDER HORN

PROBABLY no relic of Revolutionary days surpasses in interest the old Powder Horn at Williamsburg, that quaint descendant of the colonial past. It is an ancient powder magazine, the best preserved ancient powder magazine in the country.

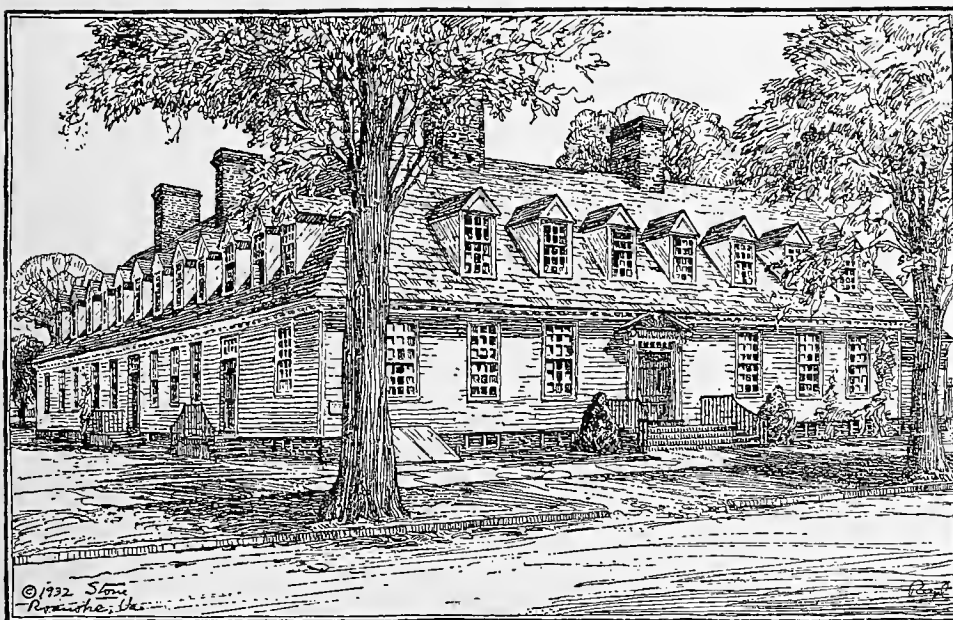
The Powder Horn has the high respectability of great antiquity, being well over two hundred years of age. It was built by Governor Spotswood, in 1715, to shelter military supplies sent from England. Queen Anne had just died and George I had just become king when the Powder Horn was built. The octagonal walls are twenty-two inches thick. Its roof, as may be seen, is cone-shaped. It cost 200 pounds, which was quite a deal of money in the days before the high cost of living.

In March, 1775, a convention of patriots met in Richmond and proceeded to organize resistance to the government of his sacred majesty, George III. Lord Dunmore, the royal governor at Williamsburg, determined to circumvent rebellion, to pull the serpent's fangs. In April

of that year, with war just over the horizon, the patriots valued their supply of ammunition, kept in the Powder Horn. It occurred to the shrewd governor that if this powder were seized Virginia would be helpless to rebel. Action followed thought. In the night of April 20-21, 1775, seamen from a ship of war lying in James River near by stole into the Powder Horn while the honest citizens snored in bed. In the morning when somebody visited the building, he found the door open and the powder gone.

Dunmore figured that the patriots would be completely dumbfounded, overwhelmed, submissive. His judgment, however, was sadly incorrect. It was proposed by some hot patriots to lynch the royal governor, and Dunmore, instead of thinking he had done something very clever, began to grow uneasy. Uneasiness turned to terror when he heard that Patrick Henry was coming against him.

The great orator, on hearing of the theft of the powder, made a speech at Newcastle, on Pamunkey River, and so stirred the people that they called on him to lead them to Williamsburg. Henry did this, and in a short time bore down on Williamsburg at the head of an armed mob that grew with every mile. Dunmore, learning of the approach of Henry's army, hurriedly sent out an envoy to treat for peace. His representative met the orator surrounded by his followers at Doncaster Ordinary in New Kent. At the same time the more moderate patriots also used their offices to restrain the orator. The result of it all was that Henry consented to receive money for the stolen powder, and his men dispersed at his word. Dunmore was allowed to remain a few months longer plotting in Williamsburg.



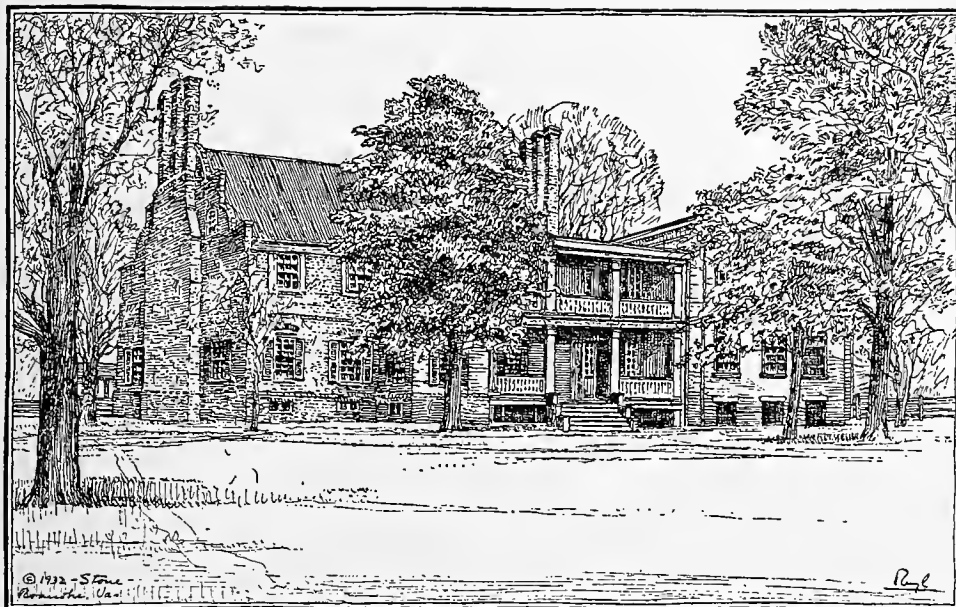
THE RALEIGH TAVERN

THE RALEIGH TAVERN occupies a unique place in American history, since it was in its precincts (to be definite, in its famous Apollo Room) that the American Revolution was hatched. Probably no other building is so intimately connected with the origin of the insurrection against Great Britain. Perhaps fortunately, the old building was destroyed many years ago. If it had continued to exist until now, it would have been dreary, dilapidated, worm-eaten, rat-infested. But since a good picture exists of the old tavern and the foundations remain, the Williamsburg Restoration was able to erect on the site a reborn Raleigh Tavern, just as it was in the days of its pristine glory when it was the finest inn in Virginia.

The tavern was built before 1735 and Archibald Blair owned it. It was kept for many years by Henry Wetherburn and became noted among the caravansaries of that day. The ornamental Apollo Room was the ballroom of the inn, and here the gallants, in Sunday clothes of silk and

satin, and the girls, in their colonial gowns, used to dance minuets and Virginia reels. Here no less a person than Thomas Jefferson danced with his "fair Belinda," Elizabeth Burwell, but did not dance into her good graces. Here students from William and Mary organized that learned society known as the Phi Beta Kappa, December 5, 1776. In 1767, Anthony Hay became the owner of the inn, which grew historic under his proprietorship. In 1769, when the assembly was dissolved by the governor, Lord Botetourt, for protesting against the transportation of Americans to England for trial, the members met in the tavern and adopted a non-importation agreement.

The fame of Raleigh Tavern rests on the conspiracies that went on within its walls. From 1773 to 1775 it was the favorite meeting place of the patriots, or traitors—just as you choose to regard them. On one occasion, when the governor, Lord Dunmore, angrily dissolved the assembly, the members of the House of Burgesses merely moved from the capitol to the Apollo Room of the tavern and continued their deliberations. When Dunmore fled from Williamsburg and the patriots came into possession of the government buildings, the Raleigh Tavern lost its importance, but it remained a center of historical interest for many years. It was burned in 1859. Its beautiful restoration is one of the best pieces of work done by the Williamsburg Restoration.



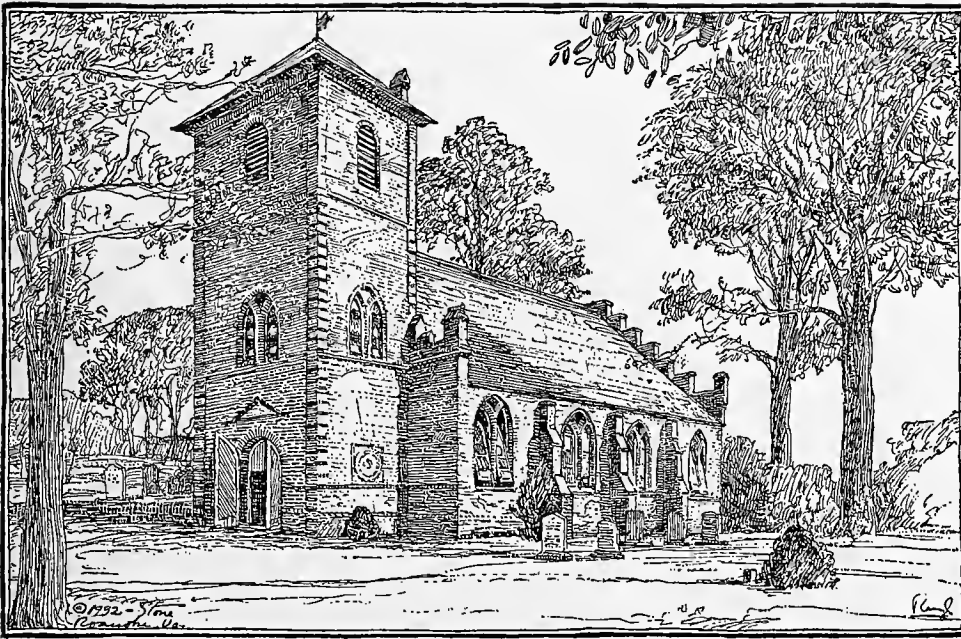
BACON'S CASTLE

THIS old house stands in Surry County not many miles from the Old Brick Church of Isle of Wight. It is perhaps the oldest house of the James River region. "Built-in" walls and huge chimneys stamp it at once as early colonial.

Bacon's Castle was built by Arthur Allen, who came to Virginia from England in 1649. The house was built about 1660. Arthur Allen died in 1670, leaving the plantation to his son and heir, Major Arthur Allen. During Bacon's Rebellion in 1676 the house was seized and fortified and used as a stronghold by a party of Bacon's adherents, commanded by William Rookings, and was held for nearly four months. Major Allen was in sympathy with the royal cause, and for this reason the rebels seized his home; we find in the records of Surry County, July 3, 1677, that Major Arthur Allen sued Mr. Robert Burgess, "for that during the late most horrid Rebellion he with others did seize and keep garrison in the plt's house neare fower months."

From that time the house was known as Bacon's Castle. Upon the death of Major Allen in 1710 it passed to his son, Arthur, who died in 1725, leaving an only son, James, upon whose death it was inherited by his sister, Katherine, wife of Benjamin Cocke.

Bacon's Rebellion, in 1676, was the most interesting event in colonial history. In 1676 Virginia was in a dangerous ferment because of dissatisfaction with the home government. The crisis came when the frontier was raided by Indians and the governor, Sir William Berkeley, took no effective steps to protect the settlers. When the overseer of young Nathaniel Bacon at the present city of Richmond was slain, Bacon took up arms against the Indians, whom he defeated with great slaughter near the present town of Clarksville. That brought him into conflict with the governor, who was driven from Jamestown. The rebellion collapsed after Bacon's death. Bacon's Castle was the last place held by the rebels. A number of Bacon's adherents were hanged for treason. Charles II is said to have declared that Berkeley executed more men than he himself had done for the murder of his father, Charles I.



ST. LUKE'S (OLD BRICK) CHURCH

THIS CHURCH is located on the highway between Smithfield and Suffolk in Isle of Wight County. The tradition everywhere and at all times prevalent in Isle of Wight is that the Old Brick Church was built under the care and superintendence of Joseph Bridger, in 1632. It was in Warrascoyack Parish, in 1642 divided into Newport and Warrascoyack.

The old church is as unique as it is picturesque. Whatever may be its exact age, it is certain that it was built in the seventeenth century, and it is perhaps the oldest brick Protestant church in the New World. It is of the same type as the Jamestown Church, as the ruins of this church show. These two were the only buttressed churches of the seventeenth century in America.

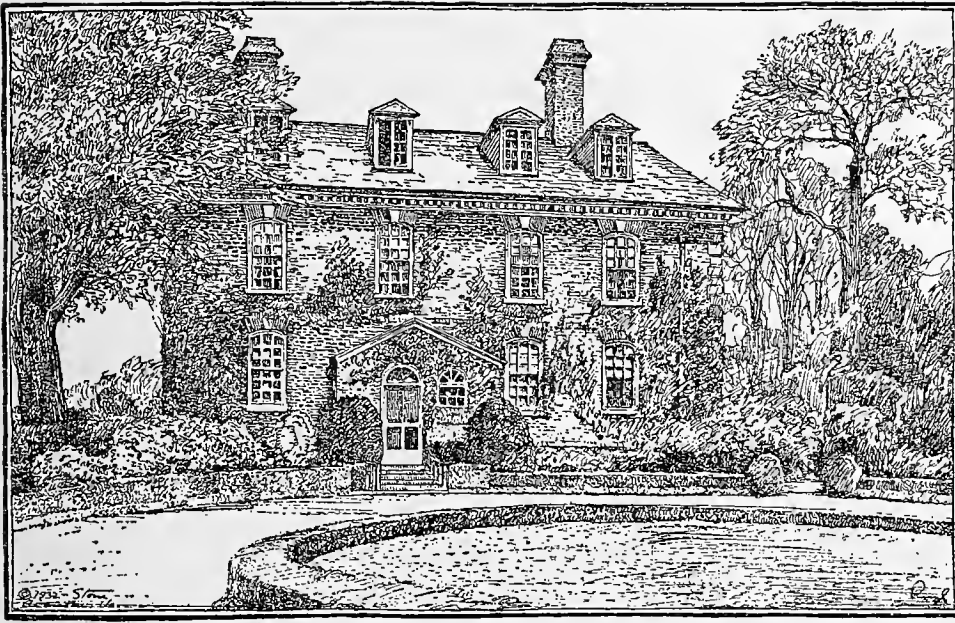
The Old Brick Church, while it has suffered much from neglect in the past, has remained unchanged in all of its essential features. Prior to

the Revolution it was always called, as we learn from the vestry records, "The Old Brick Church." It was later named St. Luke's.

The story is that the oldest vestry book, long ago destroyed, recorded 1632 as the year of building. Better evidence than this is the massiveness of the structure, which is unlike late seventeenth and eighteenth century buildings.

The second vestry book, beginning in 1724, is still in existence and contains many allusions to the brick church. Some of the papers relating to the church were destroyed by Tarleton, and others in the War of 1812.

The roof of the ancient church fell in 1887, bringing down part of the walls. While the débris was being cleared away, someone found a brick bearing the figures 1632. This was taken as a striking confirmation of the traditional date of the building of the church.



YORK HALL

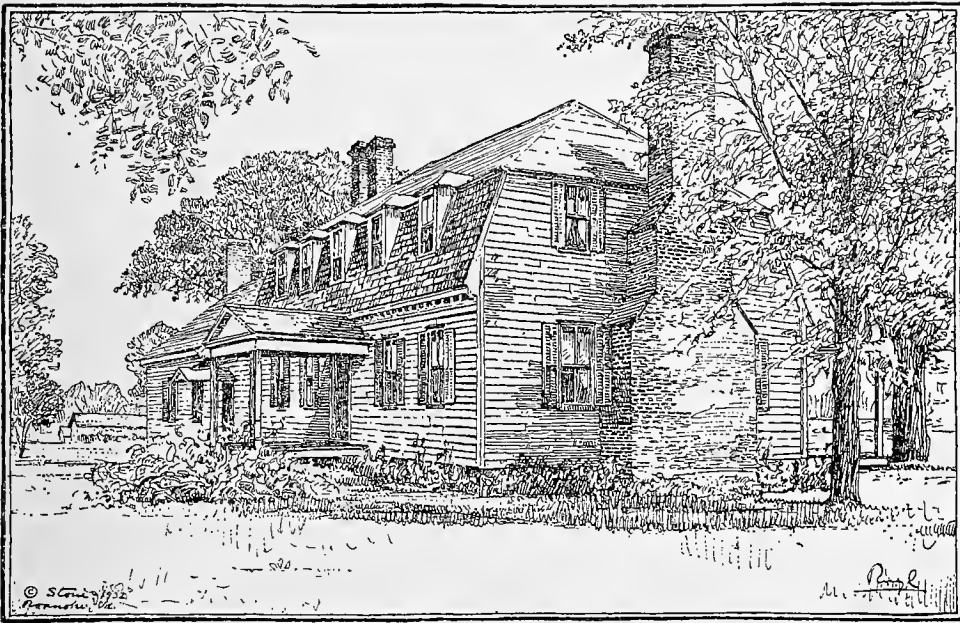
THE most noted Revolutionary house in Virginia is the Nelson House at Yorktown, now owned by Mrs. Blow. The Nelsons settled at an early period at Yorktown and by the sale of merchandise of all sorts built up what was a large fortune for those days. The house was built for Thomas Nelson, Jr., afterward governor of the state, by his father, William Nelson; and no doubt Thomas Nelson, Jr., educated in England and returned home just before the Revolution, thought that long life and happiness awaited him. But strife and fame were his portion instead.

Thomas Nelson, Jr., was no little of a soldier and was generally accounted the most popular man in Virginia in his day. He saw some service in the early period of the Revolutionary War, sat in the Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was at home in Virginia when the storm of war broke on the state in May, 1781, with Cornwallis's sudden invasion. The Virginia gov-

ernment was chased from Richmond to Charlottesville and from Charlottesville to Staunton. Even the great statesman, Thomas Jefferson, governor of the state, was perplexed and distressed by the condition of affairs. The legislature elected the governor in those days and for the term of a year. Jefferson's second year as governor was out and he did not seek reelection. So the legislature chose in his stead Thomas Nelson, Jr. The latter succeeded in getting the militia into the field and seized provisions right and left, with the result that he became unpopular, but found food for the armies.

In September, 1781, when the allied armies moved against Cornwallis at Yorktown, Nelson led the Virginia militia, about 4,000 strong. The batteries soon demolished Secretary Nelson's house, in which Cornwallis had his headquarters, and the British general then moved to the other Nelson house, the one known to visitors. The story is that Nelson pointed a cannon at his own fine house and sent a ball through it because it sheltered the enemy's leader. This story is doubtful, since Nelson could not have seen his house from the lines, though he could have seen the chimneys. It is probably true that he notified the artillerymen to make no effort to spare his home, which was considerably injured in the siege.

With his affairs in utter disorder and his health bad, Nelson resigned the governorship in November, 1781. He had done much to save the state, but he had not always acted with strict legality and soon people were troubling him. Broken in health and fortune, Nelson never saw prosperity again. He died in 1789 and lies in the churchyard of Grace Church at Yorktown, a patriot of the purest type.



THE MOORE HOUSE

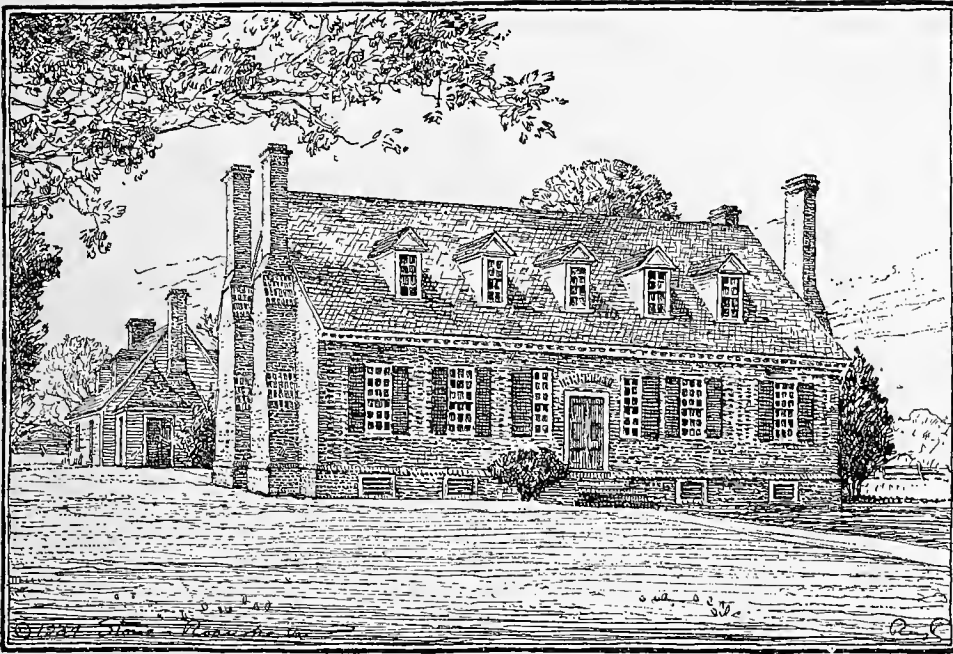
FEW places in America awaken such memories as the Moore House near Yorktown, the house in which American freedom was secured. The Temple Farm, on which the house stands, was the site of York village, where stood the parish church until 1698. In that year Yorktown, a mile away, became the county seat. In 1769, Augustine Moore bought this farm, and the house built on it became known as the Moore House. After the Revolution it was the home of the Widow Moore.

When the opposing armies clashed at Yorktown at the beginning of October, 1781, the Moore House fell within the American lines. The siege continued until it became evident that the British army could not escape. On October 17, Cornwallis sent an officer with a flag of truce to learn what terms of surrender he could secure. The first British demands were inadmissible, and Washington refused them, but the negotiations continued.

On October 18, the commissioners met to settle the terms. They met in the Moore House as being convenient to both lines. The British army was represented by Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas and Major Ross, the French by Viscount de Noailles, and the Americans by Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens. The commissioners drew up fourteen articles governing the surrender of the British army. On the morning of October 19, these articles were submitted to Cornwallis, with the demand that they be signed by eleven o'clock. Cornwallis submitted, and at noon allied troops marched into Yorktown to take possession.

Then came the drama of the surrender. The British column moved out of Yorktown along the Hampton road, which was lined on one side by Americans, on the other by the French. The Americans, in their ragged garb, made a poor showing except that they looked like the veteran soldiers they were. The French, in their fine white uniforms and plumed hats, were the most imposing troops in the world.

The British fifers, with a touch of satire, played an old tune, "The World Turned Upside Down," as the redcoats moved along the road to the field where they laid down their arms. A new age had, indeed, dawned on the world.



WAKEFIELD

THE house in which Washington was born was built by Augustine Washington, some time between 1717 and 1720. On Christmas Day of 1780 it was destroyed by fire. During subsequent decades its ruins served as a quarry for local builders, until within the memory of living men nothing remained above ground to reveal the aspects of the original structure.

The house was a one-story and attic building of brick, flanked by four chimneys. The attic story was pierced by dormer windows.

A reproduction of the house was built on the original site in time for the national celebration of the bicentennial of Washington's birthday. The Wakefield Memorial Association, Inc., did the work under authority of the Act of Congress passed and approved by the President, June 7, 1926.

John Washington, the immigrant, settled in the Wakefield neighborhood in 1665. His son, Lawrence, lived there and long after Lawrence's

death, in 1697, the place fell through purchase to his son, Augustine, who was born there in 1694. Augustine Washington lived on Pope's Creek many years with his first wife, Jane Butler, and built Wakefield house. After her death he married Mary Ball of Epping Forest, March 6, 1730-31, and took his bride to the family mansion.

It was here, February 22, 1732, that George Washington, the son of Augustine and Mary Ball Washington, was born. Here he spent two years of his life, when his father decided he must move his family to a more healthful location; so, in 1734, he went to his Hunting Creek Plantation, Epsewasson, now Mount Vernon.

Augustine Washington later removed his family to the Ferry Farm, near Fredericksburg. There he died in 1743.

The family mansion, as we have formerly called Wakefield, upon the death of Augustine Washington, fell to his son and George's half brother, Augustine (usually called Austin) Washington (who, when he returned from school, married Ann Aylett). Austin resided here many years and became the wealthiest of the Washingtons.

Wakefield, at one time, was thought to have been a mere cottage, built after the manner of many homes of the early day, but excavations have shown a massive brick foundation and all the features of the ground indicate a noble residence. The site of a large flower garden is traceable by outlines, also by descendants of flowers once cultivated there. There are remains of a large brick-walled dairy under the ground.

The inventory made on the death of Austin Washington, 1762, showed there was furniture enough for eight bedrooms and much furniture for other rooms. Also that the furniture was of a very fine quality.

The half brothers, who had both married wealthy wives, were very generous to George, so at the age of eleven years he was taken to reside in the old mansion at Wakefield, where Austin, with his wife, Ann Aylett, resided. There he was sent to Mr. Williams's day school at Oak Grove. Later he returned to the Ferry Farm opposite Fredericksburg.



STRATFORD

SITUATED in a vast wooded estate, on a high bluff overlooking the Potomac River, is Stratford, the sturdy home of the sturdy race of Lee, of Virginia.

Thomas Lee, the builder of Stratford, was born at Mount Pleasant, in Westmoreland County, in 1690. This place remained his home for years; he added to it. In 1729 the house was burned by convict servants. The loss was estimated at fifty thousand pounds. It was then that Thomas Lee built Stratford, which was completed in 1731. The builder was a man of great prominence in the colony, president of the council and acting governor from September 5, 1749, to February 12, 1751.

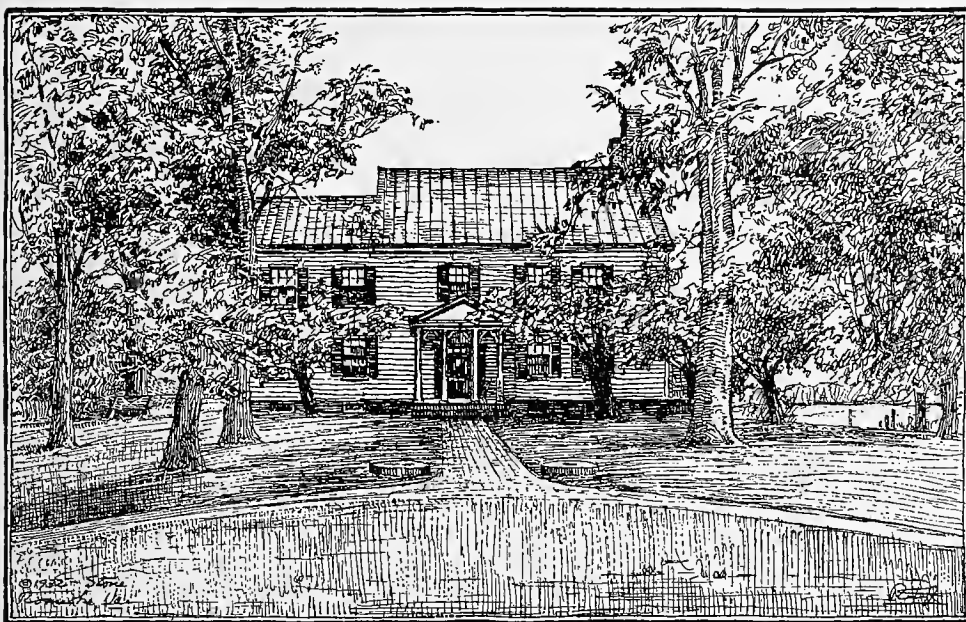
Perhaps no Virginia parents have had a greater number of distinguished sons than Thomas Lee and his wife, Hannah, daughter of Phillip Ludwell II. Two of them, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee, were signers of the Declaration of Independence. Richard Henry Lee

made the motion in the Continental Congress for the immortal declaration.

Here at Stratford lived the dashing Light-Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary fame, and here was born his son, Robert Edward Lee, January 19, 1807.

Robert E. Lee lived here until 1811, when his father moved to Alexandria. Stratford then came into possession of Henry Lee, son of Light-Horse Harry by his first wife and half brother of Robert E. Lee. Stratford passed out of the hands of the Lees many years ago; in recent times it became the property of an organization pledged to restore and preserve it.

The house is peculiar in appearance and most impressive. Massive, squat, featured by clusters of chimneys, the place is strikingly unmodern. Even if it were not associated with great men, it would be fascinating because of its suggestion of a picturesque civilization that has now vanished. Famous mainly as the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, Stratford is in itself one of the most interesting colonial mansions in America.



EPPING FOREST

ON the north side of the Rappahannock River in lovely Lancaster County is Epping Forest, the birthplace of Mary Ball, the mother of Washington. The place is easily reached, for it is on a main highway and not far from Lancaster Court House. The land was patented by Joseph Ball in 1703; there was born, in 1707, a daughter who was destined to give birth to the Father of the Country. Joseph Ball died in 1711. A portion of the house now standing is the original home; the old coach house is still there. The church of the Balls, St. Mary's White Chapel, is not far away.

Augustine Washington married Jane Butler, by whom he had two sons, Lawrence and Augustine. Lawrence, the elder, inherited Mount Vernon on the Potomac and was the most notable Washington before George.

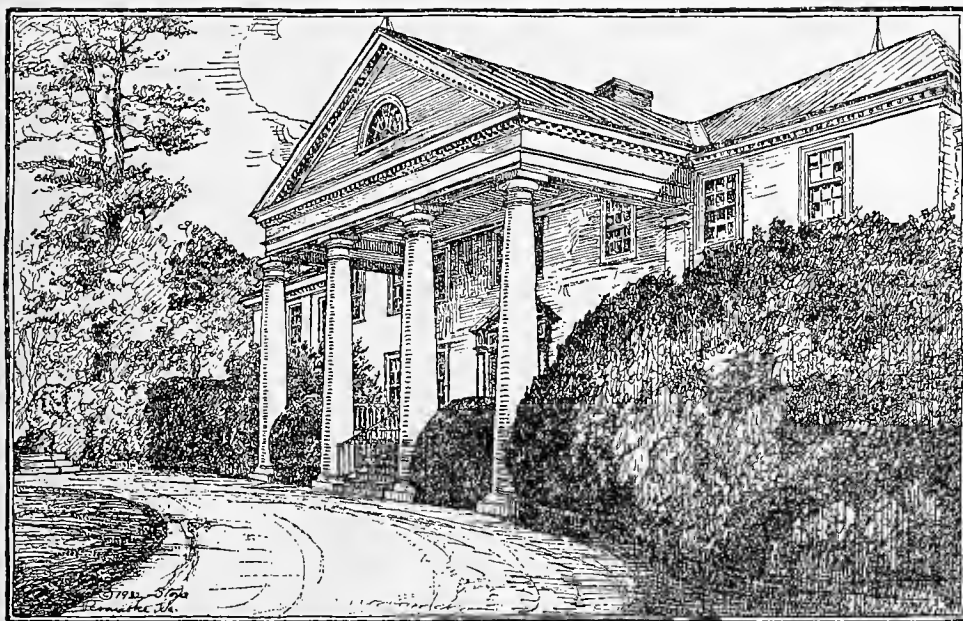
Jane Butler Washington died young. After the mourning for her, Augustine rode away to visit a young woman who had caught his fancy,

Mary Ball. An orphan, she had been reared by her guardian, George Eskridge, at Sandy Point, on the Potomac River in Westmoreland County. She was mature for those times when she married Augustine Washington, being more than twenty-one years old.

Mary Ball had a little property, but not much. She was a healthy young woman, fairly good-looking and of a determined character. The widower, with two young boys to care for, could not have done better than marry her, as he concluded. The wedding took place on March 6, 1730-31. On February 22, 1732 (new style) the first child of the second marriage was born; he was George Washington.

It is supposed that Mary Washington named her first-born for her guardian, George Eskridge; certain it is that no Washington bore the name of George before him. But perhaps she named him for the king, not foreseeing that he would be greater than any king.

Five other children followed George into the world. It was a large and happy family that gathered around the hearth of the Washington home, which was not Wakefield for long. When George was still an infant, the family moved to what was then a wilderness, the upper Potomac not far below Georgetown. There at Epsewasson (later Mount Vernon) Mary Ball had to bear the hardships of a pioneer mother and wife. Seeking greater comfort, Augustine Washington moved, for the third and last time, to a home on the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg. There George Washington spent much of his boyhood and there Mary Washington found a congenial home. She never moved again, except just across the river to the town of Fredericksburg. And there she died in 1789, after a life of great industry and usefulness.



MONTPELIER

THE home of James Madison is in Orange County. It has a superb view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and in both architecture and situation it is the rival of James Monroe's Oak Hill in Loudoun County. The house at first consisted of only the central portion, built about 1760, by James Madison, Sr., later being brought to its present imposing size and appearance.

The principal improvements were made in 1809 after designs made by William Thornton, architect of the Capitol at Washington, while Latrobe had a hand in still later improvements, which include the wings.

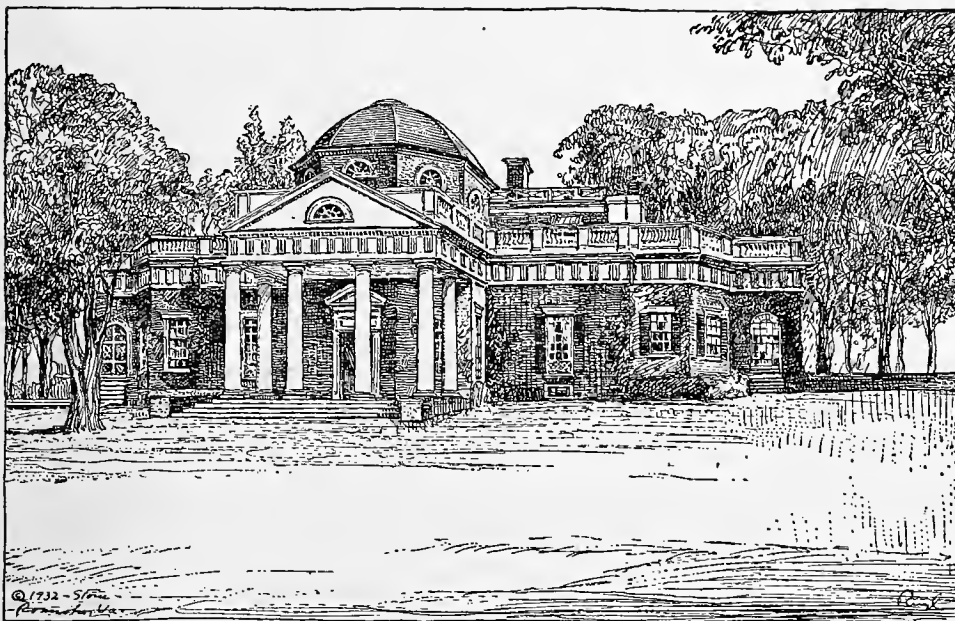
President Madison spent most of his life at Montpelier except when away on official duties. He married, in 1794, Dorothy Payne Todd. In addition to gifts of mind and character she had a remarkable social talent, which made Montpelier a seat of hospitality. One wing of the house was occupied by Madison's mother, who was Nellie Conway.

Madison retired at length from public service and spent the last nineteen years of his life in the enjoyment of his country home, happy in his agricultural interests, his books, his friends and his correspondence. He died at Montpelier, June 28, 1836, aged eighty-five; he and his wife are buried in the family cemetery there. Mrs. Madison was obliged to sell the place; she removed to Washington, where she spent her final years, fascinating to the last.

Dorothy Payne had married as a girl a young Quaker, John Todd, who lived only three years after the union. As a charming widow, she met and captivated the rising congressman, James Madison. And so Dorothy Payne became Dolly Madison. When Jefferson entered the White House in 1801, Madison was Secretary of State, and, as Jefferson had no hostess, Dolly Madison exercised that function, continuing it when her husband became President in 1809.

Madison was President through the stormy years of the War of 1812. In 1814, he and his wife fled from Washington as the British came to ravage it. It must have been a relief to him when his friend and Secretary of State, James Monroe, was inaugurated President, on March 4, 1817, and he could go home to beautiful Montpelier.

Montpelier is now the home of Mrs. Thomas H. Somerville, who has added another story to the wings and adorned the terraced gardens with statuary and flowers. The place is one of the most beautiful and impressive within the bounds of Virginia.



MONTICELLO

MONTICELLO was not only the home but the creation of Thomas Jefferson. The mansion is in Jefferson's favorite classic style of architecture, with Doric porticoes and a dome whose windows flood the great hall below with light. Jefferson began improving the grounds preparatory to building a house here as early as 1769, and in 1770 a portion of the house was built. In February of 1770 his father's home at Shadwell burned to the ground. Soon thereafter Jefferson removed to Monticello.

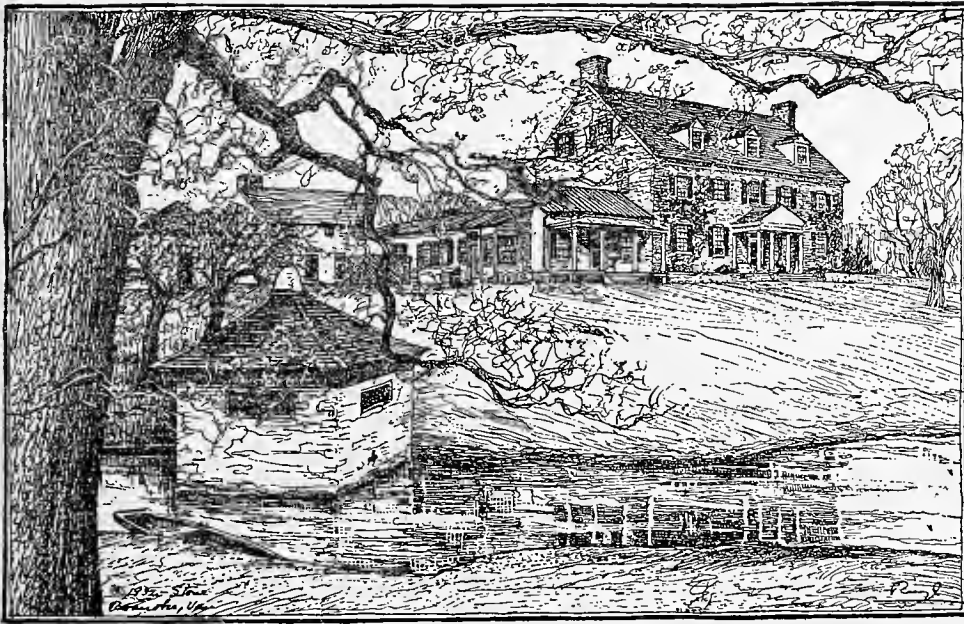
In the winter of 1772 Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Wayles Skelton, of Charles City County, and took her to Monticello. It was here they lived and reared their family. Here Jefferson carried on scientific farming, studied, and entertained his friends and the celebrities who visited the country. Monticello was rarely without guests.

During the Revolution Tarleton's cavalry raided Monticello in an attempt to take Jefferson captive. Jefferson had received a timely warn-

ing through Jack Jouett, who rode from Cuckoo to tell him that the British cavalymen were on their way to capture him and the legislature, then sitting in Charlottesville, June 4, 1781. Jefferson remained at Monticello until the British cavalymen were seen in Charlottesville. He had just time to mount his horse and make his escape before a party of hostile horsemen rode up to the house to take him prisoner. Thus Tarleton's bold ride was a failure, and the cavalryman turned back to join his commander, Lord Cornwallis.

Many prominent men were entertained at Monticello during Jefferson's lifetime. Most notable, perhaps, was the Marquis de Lafayette, who visited him here in 1825. The Marquis de Chastellux visited Jefferson at Monticello in the spring of 1782. He writes that "This house of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in Italian taste, though not without fault—we may safely say Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather." While the house was begun in 1770 it was not completed until 1802.

Thomas Jefferson died at Monticello, July 4, 1826. His tomb is here. After Jefferson's death the home passed out of the hands of his family. Mr. Jefferson Levy owned it until within recent years it became a shrine. Many admirers of the "Sage of Monticello" make pilgrimages to the place every year, there to look upon his handiwork, and to be told over and over again of the life and deeds of the Father of our Democracy.



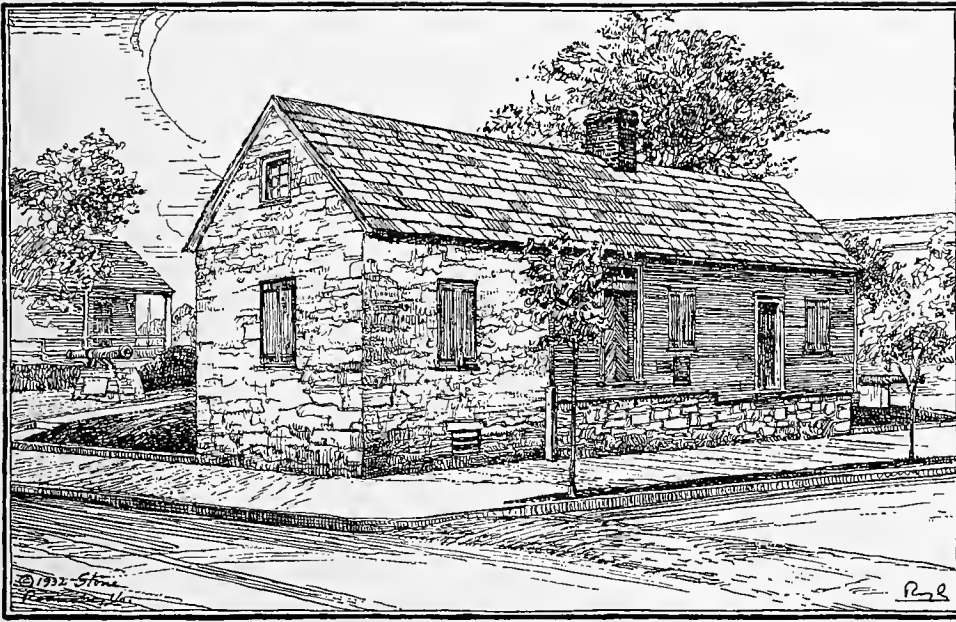
SARATOGA

CLARKE COUNTY, lying in the eastern side of the Shenandoah Valley, was little troubled with Indian raids, and its beautiful scenery, clear streams and very fertile soil made it a paradise for settlers. Two paths led settlers to this region—one from the east through the mountain gaps and the other from the north. At one of the crossings of these paths a tavern was opened and a blacksmith shop, also a store. The men of the region seem to have been virile and they often engaged in fist fights—whence came the name of Battletown, later changed to Berryville.

Among the combatants a youth named Daniel Morgan may be said to have been a champion. This man, destined to great fame, came southward to Virginia in 1754 at the age of seventeen. He was a laborer at various jobs, finally becoming a teamster. In Braddock's expedition, in 1755, he served as wagoner. This was his baptism of war. As a member of the garrison of Edward's Fort, not long afterward, he killed four

Indians with his own hand and led a sally that resulted in the rout of the savages. This feat caused Washington to have him made an ensign in the Virginia forces, and he served with distinction. When the Revolution began, Morgan raised a company of riflemen which marched all the way from Virginia to Boston. It took part in Arnold's invasion of Canada and fought most gallantly at the attack on Quebec, in which Morgan was captured. Back in the army, he served with the utmost distinction at Saratoga, where his riflemen did much to win the victory for the Americans. Their accurate fire cut to pieces the British regulars, whose short-range muskets were no match for hunting rifles in the hands of expert marksmen. Later Morgan served in the South; his victory of the Cowpens, in South Carolina, in January, 1781, in which he routed the noted Tarleton, was the first act in the drama that ended at Yorktown, for the Cowpens had much to do with Cornwallis's decision to invade Virginia.

Before the end of the war Morgan went home on account of ill health. There he built himself a home which he called Saratoga in memory of the famous battle he did so much to win. In the building of this house it is said that Morgan made use of Hessian prisoners captured at Saratoga and interned near Winchester. This may be the case, for most of the Hessians were skilled artisans, and skilled artisans were few and far between in the Virginia of that day. Morgan lived at Saratoga for some years and finally went to Winchester, where he died and was buried. His house is one of the most interesting Revolutionary remains in the state.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

FROM George Washington's seventeenth year, when in 1748 he became surveyor for Culpeper County, until the close of his public life, as touching the purely colonial period, Winchester was the center from which he worked, the heart of the school of experience in which he won his laurels. Washington had been in this service for about three years when, in 1751, he accompanied his half brother, Lawrence, who was suffering from pulmonary trouble, to the Barbadoes. He returned in 1752. His brother died in July of the same year and he took up his abode at Mount Vernon.

In 1752, upon letters presented to Governor Dinwiddie, who was greatly disturbed by the fact that many French were settling along the Ohio River and squatting upon land owned by members of the Ohio Company, the governor urged the Virginia Assembly to appropriate funds for making an expedition against them. George Washington was given his commission as Adjutant General of the Northern Division.

In 1753 Washington set out from Williamsburg bearing a message to the French to relinquish their claim upon land owned by the colony of Virginia. He stopped in Winchester, bought supplies, and from there he set out on the perilous journey.

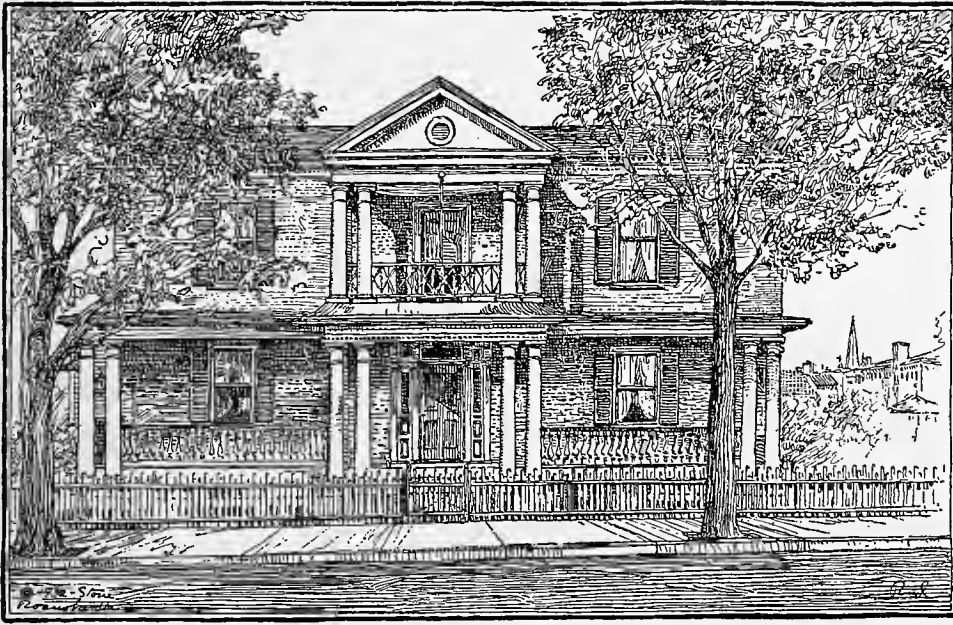
Later Washington made an expedition against the French, using Winchester as his base. He set out in 1754, arriving at Great Meadows in April, defeating the French in a skirmish and throwing up Fort Necessity. He was soon confronted by French and Indians and the fort was surrendered. He returned to Winchester.

In 1755 Washington was invited by General Edward Braddock to accompany him on his expedition against the French as a member of his staff. Braddock had learned of Washington's experience in woodcraft, and also of his mature judgment. Washington and Braddock went to Winchester and proceeded west. The expedition was a disastrous failure, and General Braddock was mortally wounded.

Thus it was from Winchester, the outpost, the extreme town on the western frontier, that these expeditions set out over the perilous trail of the northwest, one hundred and fifty miles, past Wills' Creek, where Cumberland now sits as a queen at the gateway of marvels then unknown and unimagined.

In July, 1758, Washington marched from Winchester upon still another expedition, his fourth. On November 25, 1758, Fort Duquesne was in possession of the English. Other French strongholds fell into their hands and peace was soon declared.

Shortly after the defeat of General Braddock's army near Fort Duquesne, in 1755, George Washington, charged with the defense of the frontier of Virginia, directed the construction at Winchester of an elaborate stronghold which was named Fort Loudoun. During the period when the fort was building, the young commander had his headquarters in the Old Stone Cabin, now pointed out to visitors at the corner of Braddock Street and Cork. This is probably the oldest building in Winchester (*circa* 1740), and was originally lawyers' offices, frequented by Washington as a youthful surveyor. He chose it as his military base in 1756-58.



BIRTHPLACE OF WOODROW WILSON

THE house in which Woodrow Wilson was born, December 28, 1856, is situated upon one of the many hills in Staunton. It was constructed on an acre lot on Coalter Street in the year 1846 by the Presbyterian Church of the town as a manse, and it has been used for that purpose ever since.

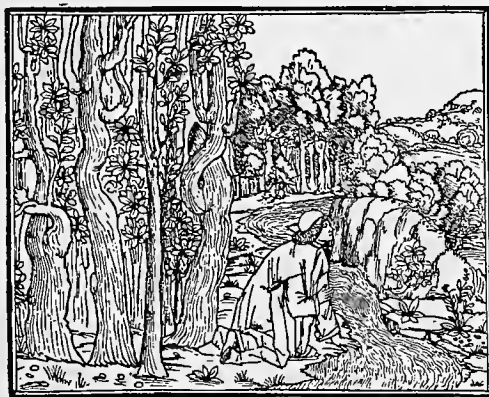
The house is an unpretentious, dignified, pleasing, rectangular brick building, two stories high at the front and three stories at the back. There were originally broad halls running the entire length of the house, and many porches. The third-story back porch was often the delightful gathering place for the family. It caught the western breeze and overlooked the terraced garden below and the town beyond. From here also could be seen a charming vista of hills, with the tallest peaks of North Mountain. Tradition says that Mr. Wilson's father, the Reverend Doctor Joseph R. Wilson, loved to sit on that porch and revel in the scenery. The porches have all been modified.

As you enter the house from Coalter Street the first room on the left is the family room, fifteen by nineteen feet. This is the chamber in which Woodrow Wilson was born. Back of this is a smaller room used as a nursery. Above these are two similar rooms on the third floor, which were occupied by the President-elect and Mrs. Wilson when they were guests of Staunton on his fifty-sixth birthday, December 28, 1912.

An effort is in progress to convert this manse into a National Shrine. Even though it is still a private home, many tourists visit it every year.

Woodrow Wilson will always be remembered as the President of the United States in the World War period, the President who took America into the war, 1917-18. For that reason his birthplace is of peculiar interest to all those who cherish memories of one of the most stirring periods in history.

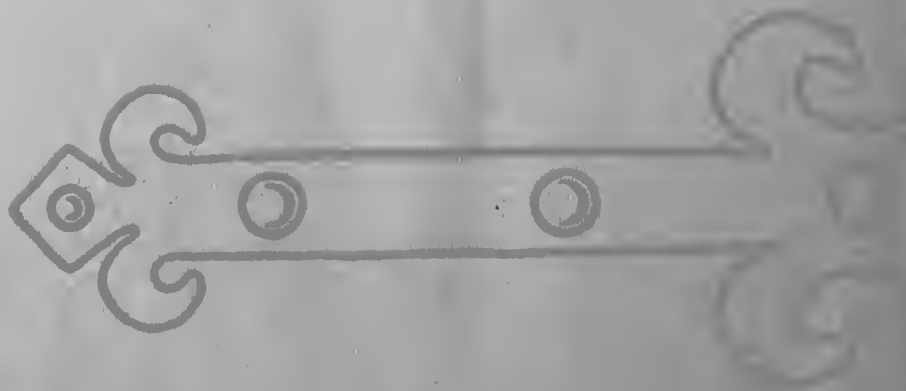
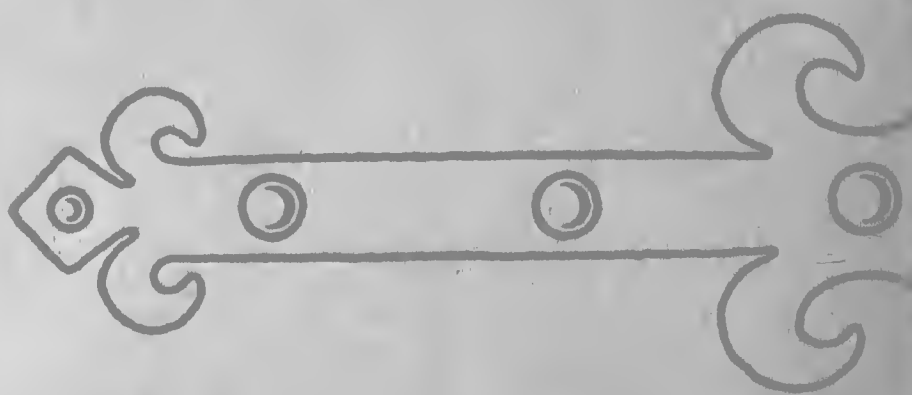
WHEN WE WERE AFFORDED THE OPPORTUNITY OF READING these descriptions of *HISTORIC SHRINES OF VIRGINIA*, they seemed to us the best brief descriptions which had come to our attention, and we thought it would be quite appropriate to illustrate them with pen-and-ink drawings made in the old woodcut style used by the renowned Venetian printer, Aldus Manutius, in 1499 (some of them attributed to Bellini), in the world-famous *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilus*. ¶ This idea was not because there is any connection with the subject matter, but for the reason that the woodcut technique seemed suitable and appropriate for illustrations of this nature, and for its decorative effect and harmonious appearance in conjunction with the type and paper selected. ¶ So we requested our good artist friend, Louis Ruyl, to see what he could do, and the results of his efforts are shown throughout these pages, including the Map which we are using as a Frontispiece, on which he had the coöperation of our own artist, William J. Paxton. ¶ Accomplishing this old woodcut effect through the technique of pen-and-ink drawing indicates the versatility of Mr. Ruyl. ¶ For the text we are using Bruce Rogers' Centaur type in 14-point size, with 72-point initials, and Frederic Warde's *Arrighi Italic* when necessary. ¶ The paper is watermarked Canterbury, laid, toned. ¶ The designing, printing and binding have been done by The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company, Roanoke, Virginia, U. S. A., under the immediate supervision of EDWARD L. STONE.



Reproduction of Woodcut
from the *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilus*,
Printed by Aldus Manutius, Venice, 1499
About one-fourth original size.

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